

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1876.

## The Week.

THE country was shocked on Thursday by the news of a terrible disaster which had overtaken a portion of the forces engaged in punishing the wild Sioux. In an attack, on the 25th of June, made by General Custer on a vast Indian village along the left bank of the Little Big Horn River, Montana Territory, he himself and his entire command, consisting of five companies of cavalry, were overwhelmed and destroyed. Major Reno, who, acting under his instructions, had crossed the stream some three miles higher up with three companies, barely escaped sharing the same fate. Recrossing with difficulty, and entrenching himself as well as he was able on a height commanded by the savages, he, together with four other companies which had joined him, barely succeeded in maintaining himself against incessant attacks, lasting from two o'clock on the 25th to six o'clock of the following day. The Indians withdrew on the approach of Colonel Gibbon's command. General Terry, who accompanied the latter, estimates the number of killed at 250, the number of wounded at 51; the losses of the Indians must, as General Sheridan has remarked, have been at least as great. Besides General Custer, his brother and nephew and a large number of gallant officers, whose places will not readily be filled, were slain at one or other of the two points of attack.

The question of the responsibility for the great calamity has been freely discussed since the first news of it arrived. Custer's operations were part of a combined movement under Gen. Terry, and it does not appear that the total force was inadequate to the object in view, so that it seems unnecessary to allege as even the remote cause of the defeat the pennywise policy of Congress in reducing the regular army below the point of efficiency. On the other hand, it appears certain that if Custer's advance had been delayed till it was possible to act in concert with Col. Gibbon, who was ascending the Little Big Horn to fall upon Sitting Bull and his warriors in the rear, the Sioux would have been either beaten or broken up. That Custer was too hot in following up the trail may be granted, as well as too precipitate in ordering an attack against odds which the trail enabled him to estimate closely, in a country not favoring a simple, powerful dash of cavalry, but broken and cut up by difficult ravines, in which the Sioux had concealed themselves, and from which they poured a merciless fire upon the devoted band. Gen. Custer made an ineffectual attempt to cross the river and attack the lodges, and on returning to the right bank found himself surrounded. Though he had had much experience of Indian fighting ever since the close of the war, it will hardly be thought disgraceful that he allowed himself to be entrapped. His personal bravery was very exceptional, and his successes, especially in the last year of the war, when he was our model executive cavalry officer, were so great and so uniform, that to dare and to do naturally came to seem to him all one. For fifteen years he had freely exposed his life in the service of his country against her foes, both white and red, while protesting in season and out of season against the nondescript policy of the Government towards the Indians.

Mr. Hayes's letter of acceptance will be, and is, generally accepted as satisfactory. His language with regard to civil-service reform and the currency is certainly as strong and frank as any one could desire. His rebuke to the policy known as "Grantism," though only implied, is sufficiently apparent in his observations on the civil service, and in his emphatic promise not to be a candidate for a second term, which will probably infuriate the President, already

in no very amiable mood. The only portion of his letter which seems to us unsatisfactory is his treatment of the Southern question. His language here is too vague to be reassuring. The Southern people have a right to know, either expressly or impliedly, what he thinks of the policy pursued by the Federal Government in South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana, because this policy was pursued ostensibly for the promotion of that "heartly recognition of the rights of all" to which Mr. Hayes justly attaches so much importance. This, indeed, is what Scott, and Parker, and Moses, and Kellogg, and Casey, and Packard, and Durell have always said they were after. If Mr. Hayes has the strength and courage, however, to live up to those parts of his letter which are explicit, we think he may be safely trusted as to the part which is obscure, and, from all we hear and can learn, we think he may be relied on to do what he says, though we do not in saying this conceal from ourselves the possibility that he underestimates the difficulty of his task. Still, the circumstances are such that we must trust somebody, and we are forced to the conclusion that he is more likely, taking all things into account, to meet the crisis in the way reformers wish to see it met than Mr. Tilden. We have little doubt that his bold utterances with regard to civil-service reform will alienate from him secretly a considerable body of the regular politicians, and indeed we see already, in the election of the notorious "Zach." Chandler as Chairman of the National Committee, a sign, which will influence thousands, that the "managers of the party" have not yet wholly learned the error of their ways, and probably still hope to make the platform once more a mockery and the President a corrupt tool. We fear this disregard of public opinion, even in such small matters as this, will swell the number of those who think that, let the Democrats be what they may, the first step in reform is to kick the Republicans out, bag and baggage. As regards the political chances, the adhesion of such men as Judge Stallo of Cincinnati to Tilden will undoubtedly, by its influence on the Germans, endanger Mr. Hayes's chances in Ohio, and Mr. Koerner will carry thousands with him in the same direction in Illinois, and the contest will most probably turn on New York, which is the same as saying that it will be very close. But against these defections has to be set the hearty support of Mr. Schurz, which Hayes will have.

Judge Hoar and Mr. John M. Forbes, of the Massachusetts delegation at Cincinnati, have been giving some account of their mission at a ratification meeting in Boston, in speeches which brought out strongly the fact that the idea of civil-service reform is at last taking hold of the minds of leading Republicans who have been hitherto mainly occupied with Reconstruction, but now acknowledge that the mode of appointing and managing Government employes is the foremost question of the day. Judge Hoar declared that the election of Hayes was to "establish" a reform in administration which should in the first place "resist and discontinue the usurpation of the Senate of the United States in attempting to deprive the President of his civil power in the appointment of executive officers"; but how the election of Hayes and Wheeler would effect this reform he did not explain. Mr. Forbes dwelt strongly on a point to which we drew attention three weeks ago, and which cannot be dwelt on too often, and that is the curious way in which the public has forgotten that before Jackson's time the Government was administered in the American way on business principles, and that Jackson's introduction of the "spoils" system astounded and shocked the better portion of the community. He recalled, too, most aptly, to the recollection of the Boston "practical men," who think civil-service reform a sentimental thing, that when, in 1848, it was proposed, at a small local meeting of young Whigs in Boston, that the Whigs should adopt the Wilmot Proviso, it was received with a huge laugh, and the

idea was turned over to the "dam literary fellers" as too superfine for this world. The reminiscence may be of some use to the Civil Service Reform Club which has been formed in Boston, as well as to the Reform League in this city, which propose to take the question up in detail. But if they are going to make any impression on the public mind, they must do what the anti-slavery men did

when they heard of an abuse, examine it, and lay it before the world in an authentic shape, with such details as may be necessary to make its danger and mischievousness and dishonesty plain. By the way, Judge Hoar spoke at the meeting of Mr. Blaine as if he had done nothing wrong, and Mr. Forbes referred to much of the recent talk about reform as having degenerated into slander, and as "being used to shake the confidence of the people" in Republican institutions. Now, we think both these gentlemen, and all others who at this crisis say this sort of thing, ought to assist the people by a detailed examination of the facts, showing, for instance, why Mr. Blaine's conduct was harmless, and by giving us an instance of reform talk which has "degenerated into slander" and excited an unwholesome influence on public opinion. The great trouble in Mr. Blaine's case is that not one of his friends has ventured to deal with the evidence produced against him.

The news from Washington shows pretty conclusively that the "Old Man," as he is playfully or affectionately called by his friends, has "got his back up." Having got rid of Bristow, New, and Yaryan, and so deepened the attachment of McKee and McDonald to the party, he has followed this up by the decapitation of Dyer, the District-Attorney, who has been blocking the wheels of Government, first by prosecuting the leading Republicans of Missouri, and then by refusing to approve their applications for pardon. Having thus made reasonably sure of carrying one of the principal Western States, the "Old Man" has now begun to turn his attention to another, and, in order to "carry Indiana," has first turned out Mr. Jewell, who has made himself disgusting to some of the most experienced statesmen of the country by his idealism in disapproving of the practice of securing post-office contracts by a felonious abstraction and examination of competing bids, and has put in his place Mr. Tyner, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, a strong supporter of the Morton policy in the South, who got his present office for voting for the Force Bill last year. He is particularly opposed to the habeas corpus, and thinks the President ought to have the right to suspend it when he pleases, and will not be likely to tolerate any nonsense from "rebels" along the postal routes in the South. Mr. Pratt, the Internal Revenue Commissioner, has been got rid of for giving Yaryan a letter of recommendation and regret on the latter's dismissal, which shows that General Grant means his employés shall not only be faithful themselves but shall frown upon unfaithfulness in others. The monstrous character of the whole proceeding becomes more glaring when we reflect that it follows close upon Hayes's letter, in which, announcing himself as a candidate for office, he promises to break up the very system by which "Zach." Chandler and the "Old Man" are now working tooth and nail to elect him.

The Senate has been mainly occupied with the trial of General Belknap, and the case against him seems to get clearer and clearer as it goes on. Marsh has taken the stand, and sworn positively to all the important facts of his application for a post-tradership, to Belknap's direction to him to "see Evans," and, if not to the subsequent bargain between Evans, Marsh, and Belknap, to the direct payment of money under it into Belknap's hands. This is, of course, the evidence of an accomplice, but not of a willing witness, and, accompanied as it is with evidence showing that Belknap's attention had been called to the condition of affairs at Fort Sill long before the final exposure, let alone his guilty behavior, confession, and resignation after the exposure, ought to ensure his conviction. The Senate has also passed resolutions to pay Pinchback for contested election expenses and

for the assumption by the Government of the Washington Monument. Both Houses have adopted the report of the Conference Committee on the Post-office Appropriations Bill, but the dead-lock on the Legislative Bill still continues, and the House has appointed a new committee, while both Senate and House have passed another Temporary Deficiency Bill for ten days. Mr. Lawrence's Pacific Railroad Sinking-fund Bill has also passed by a surprisingly large vote of 159 to 9. This measure requires the companies to pay a fixed sum semi-annually into the Treasury as a sinking-fund for the redemption of the subsidy bonds. This act would not stand with the courts if the companies chose to resist it, and therefore may be considered as merely an announcement of an intention on the part of the House that the companies shall make some provision for their debt. Mr. Holman on Monday made an attempt upon the Resumption Act by introducing a resolution directing the Banking and Currency Committee to report a bill repealing the redemption clause, but, under the two-thirds rule, the attempt failed by a vote of 107 to 96. The Geneva Award Bill has also been passed by a vote of 107 to 94, after an unsuccessful effort by the minority of the Committee to have a substitute adopted letting in the insurance companies on the same footing with the other claimants, as should have been done under the old bill.

The peculiar disease to which we have heretofore referred as affecting the moral perceptions of our public educators, finds new victims in unexpected quarters. When Professor Seelye was elected to Congress by a thoroughly blue-blood Massachusetts community, there was considerable rejoicing throughout the State that a high-toned scholar and gentleman would fill the place left vacant by Alvah Crocker. As a public educator, Professor Seelye performs a twofold function—of Christian minister and college professor—and is generally regarded as the probable successor of the late President Stearns of Amherst. Although his position and attainments might be supposed to insure him against obliquity of moral vision more certainly than vaccination insures against small-pox, we find him, nevertheless, in his recent speech upon the Geneva award, affirming that "Congress should dispose of the balance of the fund just as it might deem wise and equitable," that "the House is not responsible to Great Britain or to the Geneva Tribunal, but to the August Tribunal of History," and that "equity, justice, and wisdom demand the acceptance of the majority report of the Committee." That the above sentences should have been uttered by one of Professor Seelye's reputation is a fact to be looked upon almost as a national calamity. The man who should have exposed the humbug and immorality of the speeches of Frye, Hale, and others follows their leadership into the slough; and the horde of repudiators, Emma Mine operators, Indian swindlers, and all others who wish to justify their peculations by some pretence of moral or legal argument, have gained a "Christian statesman" for a defender. It remains to be seen whether after this exhibition of his qualifications as a public teacher Amherst College will now choose him for its president or the people of his district return him to Congress.

On reading Professor Seelye's speech, one feels as if the study of applied ethics—or casuistry, as it is called—ought, in spite of its dangers, to be revived in all colleges, and especially in divinity schools. He quotes a letter of instruction from Mr. Fish to Mr. Evarts, the counsel of one of the parties, warning him "in the discussion of the question, and in the treatment of the entire case, not to commit the Government as to the disposition of what may be awarded," and saying that "the Government wished to hold itself free to decide, etc., on the termination of the case," and therefore "all committal was to be avoided in the argument of counsel." Professor Seelye actually holds that this instruction of one of the litigants to his lawyer overrules the award of the Court, and covers the fraud of demanding judgment for damage done to A., and, on getting the money, turning round and denying that A. suffered any damage at all, and giving the money to B. Surely a minister of the Gospel



ought to be able to tell a quibbling politician that this is obtaining money under false pretences; that when you accept an award by a court of arbitration, you are bound by the terms of the award and not by what you said to your counsel; and that if you take the money, you are bound to apply it to the cases for which the court allowed it, and not to cases for which the court said you were entitled to nothing; and that to say, when people cry shame, that you don't care what they think, that you are only responsible to the "Tribunal of History," as Professor Seelye does, is simply an audacious attempt to escape the well-established obligations of civilized morality under cover of a blatherskite phrase. Will Professor Seelye tell the persons who think his plan of distribution is fraudulent where they will find his "Tribunal of History," and by what process they can bring their claim before it? We have heard before now of a man's being referred to the "Tribunal of History" for the vindication of his fame, but we never before have heard of one's being referred to it for the recovery of a thousand dollars. Professor Seelye's doctrines would not stand for five minutes in any court in the United States or England, and he knows it, or ought to know it; the original promoters of this scheme of distribution did know it well. Nor would it stand before any tribunal of honorable men of the world. To refer people under these circumstances for satisfaction to the Muse of History reminds one of the South Carolina colored minister who was charged with hen-theft, but declined to answer before his church or the Freedmen's Aid Society, which employed him, on the ground that it would all be enquired into at the day of judgment.

The downward movement in silver continues, the price in London having fallen to 46½d. per ounce, and with the market so thoroughly unsettled that bankers here have at times been willing to bid only one dollar per ounce (1,000 fine). The decline in the past week has created almost a panic in the market, and it would not be strange if there should be an upward reaction even if the price should ultimately go much lower. It has already been made apparent that the production of the American mines is not, by any means, a controlling influence in determining the market price of the metal. It is evident, however, that if our Government could be brought to re-establish the double standard, the demand here would be so enlarged as to have a steadying and strengthening influence on the European markets. It is, therefore, to be expected that the Bonanza efforts to secure a re-establishment of the double standard will be desperate. The inflationists begin to see that their purposes will be served by supporting the movement of the Bonanza mine-owners, and they are now as clamorous for "the silver dollar of our fathers" as they were for the adoption of the Pendletonian plan of redeeming the bonds in greenbacks. On account of the heavy decline in the metal, the old silver dollar would now be worth in gold less than 79 cents, while the greenback dollar is now worth about 89½ cents. The only silver dollar now authorized is the "trade dollar," and these sell at 99 cents paper, but as there is a large profit in converting bullion into them even at this figure (since they are worth less than 81 cents gold), they are coming into circulation. Of course every one of them adds to the depreciated currency and inflates its volume. Small change continues scarce, and the subsidiary coins, while worth in gold less than 74 cents to the dollar, sell at 101 paper, whereas the trade dollar, which is worth 80½ gold, sells at only 99 paper.

The Royal Commission in England appointed to enquire into the law and practice of various nations with regard to the reception to be accorded to fugitive slaves by naval commanding officers, find that there is no general rule in the matter, and that the practice is very varied. Portugal and Holland surrender on demand; Italy considers the fugitive free; the United States do not surrender him; France and Russia leave the officer to exercise his discretion. The Commission find that there is no stipulation on the subject in any British treaty except that of 1865 with Madagascar, which provides that no Madegassy subject shall be received on board any British

ship without a passport; and that the Admiralty instructions are not from time to time have generally left officers to use their discretion. The recommendations of the Commission, which are nine in number, advise that some discretion should be left to naval officers, who should deal with each case, to a certain degree, on its own merits, being governed before all things by considerations of humanity. A slave should be retained, for instance, when he desires to escape, if he has been recently reduced to slavery, or if there is reason to believe he will be cruelly treated when released; but if compelled to leave the ship, he is always to be put ashore where he is likely to be best off. Most of the recommendations, however, read like solemn trifling, and the public will be disposed to agree with Sir George Campbell's minority report, which advises that slavery should be treated as if it did not exist; and the rule laid down that "while no naval officer was bound to receive slaves on board his ship, if he did receive them they were free."

Strange names of places, to be interpreted through several languages; imperfect maps; and the usual contradictions of war bulletins, make it very difficult to evolve from the week's reports the actual occurrences of the contest now going on in Turkey. We are still so near the commencement of it that it is worth while to recapitulate a little, beginning with the topographical situation. The Servian frontier towards the enemy consists, on the west, of the river Drina; on the east, of the river Timok; and on the south, of mountain ranges. The simultaneous crossing at several points took place on the 2d or 3d inst., and was immediately followed on the latter day by engagements which we reported last week. The force under Gen. Olimpies passed the Drina successfully, not far from its mouth, and attacked the Turkish position at Bjelina. There appears to be no question that he was defeated by Mukhtar Pasha (who had hastened from Herzegovina for the purpose), and was obliged to entrench himself, with the river at his rear; and it is asserted that the Turks, assuming the offensive, crossed the river in turn and assailed the Servian camp at Ratsba, at the junction of the Drina and the Save. On the east the Servian division which threatened Widin fared equally ill, and the victorious Turks under Osman and Kerim Pashas drove it back to Saitshar, which was besieged and has probably been captured. The Servians, however, have crossed the Timok at Bregovatz, below Saitshar, into Bulgaria, with a shorter line of march upon Widin. The main strength of the combination was entrusted to Gen. Tchernieff, who, after some fighting before Nissa, turned the Turkish flank and pursued his march on Sofia. On the 4th or 5th inst. he occupied Akpalanka, whence he proceeded to Piro, and here a great battle is said to have been fought on the 10th inst. The prize is one of the great highways of the empire, from Constantinople to Belgrade, and a commanding position at the base of the Balkans to support a rising in Bulgaria. If this movement shall prove to have failed, it would appear to be all up with the Servians, for General Zack, who crossed the mountainous frontier of Javor, was badly beaten, July 6, by the Turks under Mehmet Ali near Tchnebinat, and driven back towards Novibazar, a Turkish stronghold.

What the Servian division at once accomplished was the practical evacuation of Herzegovina by all the mobilized Turkish forces. The Montenegrin advance into it—said to be 19,000 strong, under Gen. Viskotitch—has therefore been almost unopposed, except by the fortresses. The objective point is apparently Mostar, and we hear of the army at Nevesinje and before Gatschko, as well as interrupting the route for Turkish reinforcements from Klek to Stolzatz. The possible junction with Gen. Olimpies appears to be indefinitely delayed by the latter's failure to get away from the Drina. Meantime, the southern border of Montenegro itself is menaced by Dervish Pasha, and some skirmishing, favorable to the Turks, is reported in the neighborhood of Podgoritz. Outside support for Turkey at this crisis seems to be safe to count upon from Tunis and from the Khedive, whose auxiliaries are likely to be commanded by one or more American officers.

## THE CELEBRATION.

TUESDAY week was probably the proudest day in the history of Demonstrative Oratory—that is, the species of oratory which has for its object narration and exposition rather than persuasion. It has stood as high as, or perhaps higher than, any other in the estimation of the American public, and has been cultivated with a painstaking elaboration which began to recall in an unpleasant way the declining rather than the great days of the rhetorical art among the ancients. Of late the younger generation have been turning away from it as a means of entertainment, often light and sometimes tedious, rather than an instrument of work; as better fitted, in short, to amuse or instruct than to effect any immediate practical result. It is, unfortunately for the continuance of its hold on the popular mind, brought by its very nature into fatal competition with the book and the pamphlet, and indeed has to be converted into a book or pamphlet in order to achieve full success and currency. The care needed in its preparation, the conscientious qualifications and reserves with which its propositions have to be surrounded, inevitably give it an air of cold premeditation, and make the result an essay rather than a speech. It is literally sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. It has not, and cannot have, the fire and vehemence and directness to which oratory, in the strict and best sense of the word, has owed nearly all its great triumphs, through which it touches those hidden chords of human emotion and kindles the noble rage in which great designs are conceived and great deeds are wrought.

The various addresses which constituted the intellectual part, or what we might call the articulate part, of the festivities on the Fourth were, therefore, in spite of the literary excellence of some of them, a very inadequate expression of the deep feeling of joy and triumph which plainly showed in the vast assemblages, the processions, the fireworks, and illuminations. In reading over those of Mr. Evarts, Dr. Storrs, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Beecher, each of which had its own merits, and, indeed, may be said to have taken its own view, one could not help feeling that the theme had grown too vast to be successfully dealt with by any of the old methods. No skill in arrangement or condensation in thought, or eagerness of interest, seemed to enable any of the orators to do more than suggest the magnitude of the occasion. Mr. Evarts, as the Centennial orator at Philadelphia, more fully than any of the others, surveyed the whole field, and expounded with a masterly hand the extent to which the American Revolution had introduced new powers and forces and aims into the political world, and how the daring conceptions of the founders of the Government had been justified by the actual working of their experiment. Dr. Storrs traced in American history the growth of the great principles of English liberty; and Mr. Winthrop sketched and eulogized the chief authors and promoters of the national independence; while Mr. Adams showed by specific instances the value of the contributions which the working out of the principle of personal freedom as maintained in the Revolution had made to the happiness of the civilized world in our day, in leading to the present condition of France, in securing the freedom of the seas, in abolishing piracy, and in bringing about the abolition of the slave-trade, and then of slavery itself. It was noteworthy, too, and perhaps the most noteworthy illustration of the beneficence of the Revolution, that in none of the addresses is there a single expression of vindictive or arrogant feeling, a single note of barbarous triumph, or a single attempt to glorify force or war, or to preach the gospel of selfishness. They all tell the nations of the world the story of joys and hopes in which Englishmen, Germans, Russians, and Frenchmen may share without finding their pride or their patriotism wounded, or anything in which they glory belittled. "We fought because we could not help it, knowing well the dangers and horrors of fighting, not to bring about any one's misery, but that we might pursue our own happiness in our own way. We were successful; and we are free and industrious, and invite all the earth to share our freedom and industry. We sow, we reap, we spin, we

weave; we wish no man and no nation ill. We have our share of failures and shortcomings, and we have our sorrows and trials. We have our triumphs, too; but the triumph which most delights us is the feeling that in one hundred years we have raised the general estimate of human nature, have widened and brightened the political and social outlook of the Western world, and have converted into pleasant realities many of the fond dreams of the last century, and have, all things considered, and after taking into account our infirmities as well as our virtues, made the earth a more cheerful and hopeful place of abode." This is the message of all the addresses, and it is the most creditable message which any people in the world has been able to extract from one hundred years of its history.

The occasion was, of course, one in which panegyric only was in order. The work of analysis, which played so large a part in all the speeches, was directed to discovering the causes of success of the Republic in so far as it has succeeded, rather than those of its failure in so far as it has failed; and this was right and proper. When a man gives a party to celebrate his birthday, the guest who proposes his health naturally dwells on his good qualities and on the circumstances which have contributed to the happiness of his life. It would be a sorry sacrifice to truth to reveal all the occasions on which he had made a fool of himself or disappointed the just expectations of his friends. There is a time for everything; and the Fourth of July is not in any year, and much less in the Centennial year, a time for criticism or for self-reproach, or even for repentance. These may fairly be put off until to-morrow, and the day after, but the nation is not in the mood just now to put them off indefinitely or to forget them altogether. In fact, we have no doubt that the work of self-examination will be carried on all the more unsparingly during the next ten or twenty years, or longer if necessary, for the very splendor of the success which has attended the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the national existence, and for the unanimity with which good wishes and congratulations have come in from all quarters of the globe. With none to envy or to upbraid us or impede us, the task of reform and improvement ought to be doubly attractive. And the suggestion made by Dr. Storrs, in a fine passage of his address—that it was not the living alone that rejoiced on Tuesday, "that the air was thick with shapes we could not see, and glowed with faces whose light serene we might not catch," that "the great, the beloved, the heroic," who had toiled in the council or died in the field to bring to pass this great national jubilee, "were glad in our joy, and shared and led our grateful praise"—gave a deep significance to his prayer that "our doings might not be unworthy of such spectators, that our spirits might be sympathetic with theirs, from whom all selfish passion and pride had now passed away for ever." For the hope and aim, secret or open, of all who have passionately and fruitfully labored and endured for public ends has always been not so much that any one form of government should succeed as that good government should endure; and if this generation is to prove worthy of those who have prepared the way for it, and faithful to those who are to come after, it will not be satisfied with "government of the people, for the people, by the people," unless that government is a really progressive and improving government. And a progressive and improving government is not one which every year covers a wider area with its laws and makes large additions to its population. Nor is it even a government under which each generation clings to its nationality with a more passionate and proud affection. These things have all been seen under governments whose subjects paid for the glory of their flag and the spread of their sway by the sacrifice of their highest ideals, the blunting of their moral perceptions, and the increase of public misery. Government is not an emblem, or a name, or an army with banners. It is a bundle of mutual services; and its goodness or badness, and the value of its contributions to the moral growth of the world, depend on the efficiency with which they are rendered. Unless we are supplying the poor and rich with better justice; unless we



are striving to make taxation lighter and its collection simpler and easier; unless we are discovering modes of making the execution of all the laws more efficient and more certain—of taking better care of the poor and insane—of giving the young a better education—of bringing the highest intelligence of the community to bear on its legislation and administration—of enabling the weak and unlearned to feel surer about the future—of making firmer the hold of the frugal on their savings—of making marriage a more honorable and sacred relation and children a more solemn responsibility,—all that we heard on Tuesday of the novelty or the success of our political system was reproach and not glory. It will seem, after all, a small thing, three hundred years hence, to have founded a government without kings or aristocracy. The question the world will then ask will be, not where did we lodge the sovereignty, or what new hopes did we kindle, but what valuable additions did we make to the art of living in society. That we have made many there is no denying; but there have been signs of late that some among us think we may rest and be thankful, and that we have done enough for the world in making a durable republic. The truth is that no nation is under such weighty obligations as ours to make constant and steady improvement in every branch of political machinery.

#### OUR INDIAN WARDS.

THE news of the slaughter of General Custer and his force by Sitting Bull and his Indians recalls vividly the discussion excited in 1863 by the murderous onslaught of the same officer on Black Kettle and his Indians, and is not by any means pleasant Centennial reading. When Black Kettle supplied the text of the frequent sermon on the "Indian problem," we urged most earnestly in these columns the abandonment of our present system of dealing with the Indians, and the incorporation of the whole body of them, as far and as fast as practicable, with the nation. Everything which has since occurred lends fresh force to what was then said. Congress made a step in the right direction by forbidding the making of any more treaties with the Indian tribes, but it ought to have gone further, and have reduced the Indians to subjection to the laws, and have compelled the adults to earn their food and clothing by labor, and have provided for the education of the young in the arts of civilized life. The system which we now pursue of making distributions of food and clothing in return for the surrender of lands which they really never owned, in any sense in which the word is used in civilized jurisprudence, is a system of legalized pauperism, containing all the evils of pauperism in its worst form. It would not be possible for a civilized government to do a band of savages a worse injury than to collect them in a camp around a storehouse, and give them provisions and coarse clothing for nothing through employees of little character or education, and treat their crimes and outrages as corporate and not individual offences, and send an army against the tribe when one member of it commits a murder or "lifts cattle." There is in this ruin for both body and soul. It would debauch white men of any race; no wonder it debauches savages. The one redeeming feature of savage life is that the savage has to avoid starvation by energy, activity, and courage. If he is nothing else, he is at least a hunter—that is, a man who has to take thought of the morrow, encounter great hardships, and display great sagacity in pursuit of his dinner. To make such a man anything but a tiller of the soil is pretty sure to degrade him. If we cannot do that for him, it is better to let him alone. But though we have tried to do this in a small, half-hearted way, our main expenditure of funds has been in making him a lazy vagabond, subsisting by alms which he takes for tribute, eating meat he has not worked for, and acquiring the morals of the tramp in lieu of those of the warrior. The peaceable, quiet Indian of our agencies is now a repulsive creature, who does not compare favorably with Sitting Bull or any "wild Indian," or with any branch of the human family; and his squabbles with the agents over his flour, tobacco, and scraggy beef are

a disgrace to our civilization. Not an ounce of provisions ought to enter his stomach for which he has not paid in honest labor, and he ought not to be allowed, in sight of a United States fort, to bring up his children as idle, vicious, ignorant, filthy, and dependent as himself. The whole system is shocking. There is nothing in our religion, or manners, or laws, or traditions, or polity to give it any countenance or support.

It may be said that any attempt to break up the tribes and make citizens of the savages would be met with desperate resistance, and involve the destruction of a large proportion of the Indian population. Even if this be true, it is also true of our present system. What we now do is to degrade the tame Indians into lazy and filthy paupers, preparatory to their extinction through disease, drunkenness, and the loss of vital power which results from total lack of occupation and the disuse of the observing and inferring faculties, while we pursue and kill the wild Indians at great loss of life to ourselves. In fact, our philanthropy and our hostility tend to about the same end, and that is the destruction of the Indian race, and there is nothing in our experience to settle which is the more rapid process. The improvements which we have endeavored to make in the philanthropic enterprise have been curiously characteristic of our politics during the last forty years, and are a valuable illustration of the moral bearings of our civil service. It is now a settled maxim in the administration of the more highly civilized countries of Christendom that in dealing with conquered populations, or populations occupying for any reason the position of wards or clients, the representatives of the government ought to be persons of peculiarly careful training and high character—that is, that the best side of the nation ought to be presented to its dependents; that if harsh measures are called for, they should at least see the justice and probity of its officers; if measures of relief or regeneration, that they should encounter its men of science and its ablest administrators and most experienced philanthropists. We have had this kind of work devolve on us only twice in our history—in dealing with the Indians and in dealing with the South; and in both cases, where England, France, and Prussia would have used the flower of their educated youth, their most honored soldiers, and wisest lawyers and scientific men, we collected a large horde of broken-down men of all trades and callings, and men of none, the riff-raff of caucuses and nominating conventions—in fact, the very refuse of our busy and prosperous society—and made them the medium through which the Government came in contact with its vassals and wards. The attempt to do better made by General Grant—though it ought, in justice to him, to be said that he first tried to get the services of the army—by committing the wild tribes to the care of the missionaries and like pious persons in search of employment of any kind at small wages, was worthy in all respects of the ruler who, thinking our foreign consulates needed inspection, selected for the task his own pastor, a Methodist divine. The missionary expedient may be said to have failed. Its most prominent representative, Mr. E. P. Smith, fell a victim to "venal and unprincipled men," and was removed, and with his removal the experiment ought to have come to an end. The necessity under which the Commission has since found itself of handing over Sitting Bull and his men to the secular arm, marks with painful emphasis the inadequacy of its machinery, particularly when we find that our troops are shot down with the newest breech-loaders furnished at the agencies, and that it is not unusual for the warriors to leave their women and children to the care of the missionaries while they go off for a summer's fighting with the soldiers. If anything can deepen the absurdity of our Indian system in the eyes of the public, this fact surely should do so.

The Custer tragedy has nothing new or unusual about it, and its main value, politically, lies in the fact that it will probably call public attention with more than usual earnestness to the treatment of the Indians. There is among some of the more rabid of the country papers just now a loud demand for their "extermination"

a course for which there is something to be said, if by extermination is meant their rapid slaughter. But if they are to be exterminated, why any longer pauperize them, and then arm them? What would be said if the city of New York, after lodging its thousand tramps in comfortable idleness during the winter, were to arm them on leaving the almshouse in the spring with a good revolver and knife, and a tinder-box for firing barns, and were to bring up all the youngsters in total idleness and ignorance, and to deliver to them alive the animals they were to eat, and were to allow them to kill them themselves in mock chase with lances? But why should it be worse to do this thing to savage whites than to savage Indians? If the Indians on the Plains require to be removed or shut up within certain limits, they ought to be hunted down persistently, like any other malefactors, with as much force as may be necessary to kill or capture them. But, when caught, the agency abomination should come to an end. The tribal organization ought to be broken up, and the people scattered in such a way as to make them easily amenable to the ordinary civilizing influences of our society, and, let us add, to make it easy for the sheriff to get at them. They ought to have no "ponies" which they have bought. Fancy our tramps starting on their spring journey not only armed, but mounted, with saddle-bags for their provisions and flowers in their button-holes!

#### THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—VIII.

##### THE RESTAURANTS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1876.

FOR an epicurean trip to Philadelphia the month of July is not exactly the time of year one would choose above all others, either on the score of fitness or comfort. In the dead waste and middle of the summer many delicacies which the gastronomic specialist feels ought to be represented in a Centennial Exposition are conspicuous by their absence, while many others, whether in season or out, hardly tempt the most determined palate. Despite all proverbs, appetite at this time of year will not come with eating, especially not with eating the oysters that some Centennial restaurants advertise; and even the boasted Philadelphia terrapin—if it is not altogether out of season—loses many of its charms with the thermometer at 98 degrees in the shade. In fact, the heat has been so great during the past week that, with the best intentions, the most conscientious investigator could only eat a limited quantity of food, and that frequently with less earnestness and zest than could be desired. Drinking is, of course, another matter. The raging and consuming thirst which seizes the specialist upon his arrival at Philadelphia increases in a direct, or rather geometrical, ratio with the amount of liquid consumed. An intelligent foreigner, determined to study our institutions exhaustively, might, by the aid of this unquenchable thirst, make himself in a fortnight fairly acquainted with the leading genera of American "drinks," though it would be unsafe to recommend the experiment, for in the present condition of the weather the result would probably be fatal, and the experimenter's rashly-acquired knowledge would perish with him. The safe plan for the visitor—notwithstanding the warnings that tradition compels our temperate race to give him in strange places against dangers lurking in "the water," and notwithstanding the terrible stories that are told of its effects upon the human constitution—the safest plan for him is to neglect the warnings, and to quench his thirst in the national beverage, prescribed alike by natural inclination and patriotic impulse—I mean ice-water. On this subject I feel that I may speak with authority, having witnessed and been a party to the beneficial consumption of an amount of water in six days by three adult males which would have been considered sufficient in time past for one of those ingenious tortures with which our forefathers delighted to test the capacities of the human frame. Perhaps it should be added, however, that the beneficial effect of the water is much enhanced by the addition of frequent draughts of lemonade, which is to be had at all prices throughout the Exhibition grounds and on the street-corners, but nowhere so deliciously compounded as in what may be euphemistically called the Lemonade Annex of the Globe Hotel. Indeed, throwing all reserve aside, I do not hesitate to advise any one about to visit the Centennial restaurants that if his object is the comfortable eating of comfortable meals, he had better not go at all, but rather put up at the Globe Hotel and stay there. In this case he will have the advantage of eating the meals he pays for, and also, if he is in

search of "institutions," of being in a genuine American watering-place caravan-serai, with its daily dress-parade of African waiters, its panorama of clerks, its fans, its wisp-brooms, bar, barber-shop, telegraph office, cigar and newspaper stands, and its full equipment of Bibles.

Inside the grounds the restaurants are numerous, the most noticeable ones being the *Trois Frères*, the Lafayette, Lauber's, the Vienna Bakery, the Turkish Café, the Tunisian Café, the Great Southern and the Great American, and the Lunch-Counter. Of these, several require little description. Lauber's has the advantage of being near the picturesque Horticultural Hall, and has German waiters, but inasmuch as it came out of Philadelphia, being merely transplanted for the occasion a distance of three or four miles, it cannot be said to have a distinctively national character, though, according to one of the waiters who described to us another smaller German restaurant near George's Hill, there was much to choose between the two, for at the smaller place, as he assured us with ineffable contempt, "for waiters they have negroes." This statement I had not time to verify, and was informed elsewhere that it was a gross, though ingenious libel, invented in the interest of his own establishment. The Lafayette is a good French restaurant, provided with an open second story or roof, on which tables are set, and through which of course a breeze is generally blowing. Is it not possible, by the way, in this age of elevators, that cities can be furnished with such conveniences? Must we go on for ever making up parties of pleasure to come off in rooms in which it is barely possible to breathe, when the introduction of steam into buildings has really made it possible for us to get up to the roof more easily than we formerly could to the second story? A little dearer than the Lafayette is the so-called *Trois Frères Provençaux*, which is, of course, no more the late *Trois Frères* of Paris than the Fifth-Avenue Hotel is. The building is low and warm, surrounded by a tent, under which the little tables are spread. A fair meal is to be had there, but there is nothing very distinctive about it, except perhaps the *dames de comptoir*, and the incredible luck, which we enjoyed, of hearing one of our countrywomen ask a most undeniably imported *garçon*, "Do you like America better than France?" The *garçon's* reply was not understood. In all three restaurants, it should be observed, the kind of meal you get and the service depend more than is usual in such places upon the number of people who may be together in them at once. The varying size of the crowds makes the numbers difficult to calculate, and in the middle of the day manners, service, and food are all apt to be at a low ebb. This fact explains the extremely various accounts given of the different restaurants by different people. On going to Philadelphia, I got the impression that the *Trois Frères* was the crack restaurant of the place, and was astonished, on the name being mentioned in the presence of an enlightened and progressive American boy of some twelve or fourteen summers who had been there, at hearing him tersely express his opinion of the place in a picturesque, though recondite French idiom, first brought into use, if I remember aright, in the camp of the first Napoleon at Boulogne. But a good meal may be had at the *Trois Frères*, nevertheless. Mercer's Grand Southern Restaurant, the American Lunch-Counter, and the Great American Restaurant, are the chief representatives of our own gastronomic progress. It requires no sign to inform you that the crumbling monarchies of Europe had nothing to do with their production. The excessive liberality of the bill-of-fare as compared with the actual resources of the kitchen, the negro or nondescript waiters, the unlimited pickles, the desperate ignorance of everybody connected with the establishment of the monarchical institution of "portions," the red, white, and blue decorations, the coats-of-arms of the States, the long tables covered with a white cloth beneath which blushes the red post-prandial substitute—one or more of these features would betray the nationality of any of the three American restaurants if there was any attempt to conceal it, which there certainly is not.

But, after all, there is nothing very interesting or picturesque about any of the restaurants I have mentioned. You may dine far better at Delmonico's or the Hotel Brunswick than at either the *Trois Frères* or the Lafayette; and Lauber's, though there is no imposition about the nationality of the waiters, is not any better than half-a-dozen German restaurants which may be discovered within the limits of New York. Even the superior expensiveness of the *Trois Frères* was not, so far as I could discover, a reality. There are, to be sure, swindling charges for bread and butter and service which serve to give the place some local color; but the sum total of a bill for three or four persons is not more than might be expected of a place which has appropriated such a high-sounding name. The first café which really strikes the visitor as distinctly novel and foreign is the Viennese Bakery, where you can not only eat your cake, but also see it made.



For any one accustomed to foreign ways of life, I can imagine no pleasanter or more enlightened manner of beginning the day at Philadelphia than to go for his morning coffee to this restaurant. There he will find, in the early morning, an attentive and well-trained Viennese waiter, who will bring him, after he is seated at a neat table, not a simple republican tumbler, to be separately filled, *more nostro*, first with ice and then with warm water, but, besides the tumbler, a delightful *carafé*, the contents of which has been frozen in the bottle, and therefore immediately suggests to thoughtful minds a question analogous to that of the historic apple and dumplings. There is also to be had the Vienna bread in the form of *croissants*, which it may not be unpatriotic to say compares favorably with Graham or even with rye, and delicious coffee and chocolate. It is a pity that this bakery could not have been made a male annex of the Woman's Pavilion, an edifice which Woman, with unusual sagacity, has made attractive by the total absence of all articles or processes useful or pleasing to Man. The Vienna Bakery would be, in itself, a liberal education to any docile woman, and might be made the means of banishing chicory from many thousands of American homes. The boiled milk, to descend to details, is in itself a remarkable achievement of the human invention, capped as it is with a wonderful climax, which looks like a "whip" of some kind, but the precise nature of which I could not determine.

A person provident enough to get his morning coffee at the Vienna Bakery will lunch or breakfast at one of the regular restaurants, and will then, if he is still wise, go for a cup of black coffee and a pipe to the Turkish establishment. This is chiefly a small central room filled with tables, and a counter covered with candies and sweetmeats, behind which stand a picturesque couple richly dressed in Oriental costume, the woman looking rather troubled at the noise and confusion about her, the man—a handsome fellow—with a sharp eye to business, and looking exactly like Byron's Giaour. These Turks are, in fact, as they are very willing to explain, not Turks at all, but, in the eyes of the faithful, accursed infidels, being actually Protestant Christians, and, indeed, for all they say to the contrary, Unitarians at that. Among them they have the command of a vast number of languages, including an extraordinary variety of restaurant-English, one branch of which (to judge by a Turk who explained his inability to execute some order by exclaiming in a loud voice "Me no sabe") is Spanish-American. Near the counter stands the coffee-boiler, a venerable and silent man who smiles benignly as the tumult gets greater and greater, and in dumb-show lets us into the secrets of coffee-making, which is certainly not very mysterious as practised by him: the process consisting of putting a certain amount of coffee and sugar into a diminutive brass saucepan, filling it up with boiling water, and then pouring it off into cups. The end, however, justifies the means, for the coffee, grounds and all, is excellent. So also are the sweet and aromatic Samian and Cyprian wines, and so, too, the beaker of lemonade, though here the East has still, if I am not mistaken, something to learn from the West. The scene in the café on a crowded day is indescribably comical. The little room, filled with Americans of every kind—West Point cadets; militiamen come on to celebrate the glorious Fourth; single women rushing about with enquiring faces of the New England type; family parties doing the Exhibition, all shouting at the top of their voices for chibouks, marghilés, and coffee; the Giaour clapping his hands for slaves, who immediately rush in the opposite direction; a perpetual procession of waiters in costume rushing at double-quick out from the kitchen and past the sedate coffee-boiler, their arms full of burdens, projecting three or four feet in front and rear, part of which is generally a live coal placed with extreme insecurity on top of a heaping pipe of tobacco, and giving utterance to outlandish cries in all tongues, which when translated appeared in their English equivalents as "Place! Place!" "Room! Room!"—the whole makes a scene that beggars description. The building is of course very pretty; but perhaps the most singular feeling the place gives you, after contrasting the urbanity and affability of those in charge with the general rudeness and brutality of the crowd is, that they are really the civilized people and we the barbarians. This feeling was, I regret to say, shared by the Giaour, whose expressions with regard to Philadelphia were far from flattering.

Those who, after their coffee, are fond of music, and not particular as to the scale, will find the Tunisian Café worth visiting after the Turkish. Here also are coffee and chibouks, but the coffee is not good, and the great feature of the place is a sort of divan at the end of the room, on which recline, in picturesque African undress, three musicians, one with an instrument something like a mandolin and guitar combined, another extremely like a combination of a banjo and a tambourine, and a third, the precise form of which I have forgotten. On these they play a barbaric

music which reminds one, in a confused way, of the "Ruins of Athens," of the Turkish march in "Giroflé-Girofla," and the genuine African songs of the slave States. I can imagine it being very disagreeable to some ears, and indeed it requires no imagination to know that it must be, inasmuch as you are sure to hear vigorous protests from your companions; but to me it was strangely pleasing—the place, the picturesque, sleepy figures of the musicians on the divans, and the monotonous simplicity of the strains, all combining to make Philadelphia, and the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, and the nominations of Hayes and Tilden, and other ephemeral matters, seem remote and unreal, and to bring me face to face with the "splendor and havoc of the East."

When evening comes the grounds, of course, are closed, but that need not hinder the enquirer from pursuing his researches. The great heat and weariness, however, which just now comes over most people at the end of a day in the Exhibition, prevent them from going to what is one of the pleasantest, in fact, decidedly the most pleasant outside place—Operti's Garden—where ice and music are given together. It is on a small scale, but in excellent taste, and provided with a cascade, which is to that monstrosity constructed in this city by the proprietors of Gilmore's Garden what reality is to a sham. The instrumental music is not remarkable, but the garden is furnished with a charming young woman who sings every night two or three ballads in the most ravishing manner imaginable, and which are, for one fond of music not too intellectual or classical, alone worth the trip to Philadelphia, even when accompanied, as everybody's trip was last week, by the loss of his trunk during most of his visit. Shameful as it is to relate, however, Operti's pretty garden, its wine, its ice, its band, and its cascade, do not seem to attract the wary traveller further than the piazza of the Globe Hotel, where, economically avoiding the payment of any entrance fee, he languidly listens to the strains which float out of the windows, and congratulates himself, to his eternal dishonor be it said, upon the simplicity of the less wary foreigner in placing his open-windowed garden next door to a crowded hotel inhabited by a free and "forehanded" people.

A. G. S.

#### RENAN'S LATEST WORK.

PARIS, June 27, 1876.

**M.** RENAN has just published a volume of "Philosophical Dialogues." He informs us that these dialogues were written during the Commune, while he had taken refuge in Versailles and found himself away from his books and his manuscripts. He employed, he says, his forced leisure in returning upon himself and in forming a sort of summary catalogue of his philosophical views. Renan certainly must be singularly master of himself to have given the feverish hours of the Commune to such a quiet occupation. Did he not hear constantly the distant noise of the shells, the clatter of horses, the rumbling of the artillery? Did he not go about for news, to the Assembly, to the railway stations? Did he not devour the papers, which appeared irregularly at all hours of the day? No; he shut himself up, he waited till the consummation was come, and wrote these dialogues. I think, however, that even in these I see some trace of the Commune; they have not the magnificent and simple *ordonnance* of the dialogues of Plato; there is a disorder in them which is not to be found in the other books of Renan. The three personages cross each other; they don't seem to have any real individuality. The dialogues are, in reality, the long monologues of an agitated mind which looks alternately at all sides of a question. I must confess that I do not like, as a rule, this form of dialogue for the expression of a system. I would rather have a complete *exposé* of it; objections can be introduced subjectively as well as objectively; in Plato's dialogues there is never but one important rôle, and the secondary actors merely take the place of headings of paragraphs or of chapters.

These "Dialogues" of Renan are dedicated to Berthelot, a great savant, who has always been the intimate friend of the author of the "Life of Jesus." Berthelot has been the scientific teacher of Renan, not so much by his books as by his conversation. It will not be useless here to give a résumé of Berthelot's scientific work. Chemistry has hitherto been principally a science of analysis; compound bodies have been decomposed into their natural elements. Berthelot has tried to use the inverse process: starting from the simple atoms, he has combined them, and has succeeded in reproducing by this synthetic method some of the substances which are called organic and which are among the necessary elements of life. What his object was is very clear. He has tried to prove that the organic world knows no other forces than the inorganic world; that there is no reality in what we call *life*, considered as a special force or substance. To an idealist like

Renan (for his Catholic education has made him an idealist) the lessons of Berthelot must have been very suggestive. Not that Berthelot is a materialist, in the common sense of the word; he is destroying, as well as he can, the theories of *vitalism*, but he is not so narrow-minded as to believe that there is nothing in the world but atoms; he knows that these atoms are subjected to laws, and that all their combinations have an unknowable end. Renan sometimes regrets that he did not study science instead of history. What is history, after all? what are three or four thousand years in the infinite of time?

The "Dialogues" are divided into three parts, under the names of "Certainties," "Probabilities," "Dreams." Severe critics could find in the "Certainties" much that is improbable or even dreamy. In all the dialogues we may distinguish a negative part and a positive part; it is in the first that M. Renan finds himself more at ease, when he attacks the vulgar notions of all the philosophical or religious schools; when he attempts to be what I call positive, he is often merely hypothetical. His criticism of miracles is terrible: "The pretended god of armies is always on the side of the best artillery and of the best generals. Nature shows in her government an absolute indifference to good or to evil. The sun rises for the wicked as well as for the good." Still, while he holds that no caprice, no particular will, intervenes in the conduct of the universe, he considers as certain that the world has an end and works for a mysterious object. "There is something which is developed by an inner necessity, by an unconscious instinct, analogous to the movement of the plants towards water or light, to the blind efforts of the embryos, to the needs which preside over the metamorphosis of the insect. *Omnis creatura ingemiscit et parturit*. The great agent in the development of the world is suffering, discontent. . . . From the asteria, a digesting pentagon, to the most complete man, everything aspires to be and to become more and more. All possibility would be realized; all reality aspires to conscience; all obscure conscience aspires to light. Like a great heart which overflows with vague and impotent love, the universe is always in the suffering of transformations." Renan considers the world as in process of constant development; the laws of this *flor* are the objects of science; the end of this *flor*, if it can have an end, is unknown, unknowable. This is a very different view from the materialist's, who believes in the insolence and indifference of nature.

The power which works in nature uses man as a mere tool. "We are the puppets of a superior egotism, which pursues an end through us. . . . We are duped by nature with a view to transcendent ends which completely surpass us." Renan often insists on this cunning character of nature. We cannot get rid of our instincts, and our instincts "will always be voluntary victims ready to serve for the ends of the universe. Our good instincts, our pity, our abnegation, our religious tendencies, are as much a part of us as the organs of maternity are a part of a woman. The professed egotist does constantly things which are not egotistical. We are all like gladiators, willing to fight for a cause which is not our cause." Renan gives too paradoxical an expression to these truths. "The great man," he says, "must take a share in the fraud which is the basis of the universe; genius must be an accomplice of God, connive with the policy of the Eternal, help to throw the complicated nets of nature, help her to deceive individuals for the universal good, be the instrument of the great illusion, preach virtue to men, though knowing that they will draw no personal profit from it, as the military chief takes poor fellows to a battle to die for a cause which they cannot understand. We work for God as the bee makes honey for man."

In the dialogue called "Probabilities," Renan asks himself what can be the end of nature. For the materialists, everything is in matter; there is no edifice without stone, no music without strings or brass, no thought without nervous matter. But, after all, the fiddle is not the sonata; the nerves, the brain, do not constitute the thought. There are two things—one is the thought of a Beethoven, the other the orchestra which realizes it. What really is, is the thought which looks for material means to find its own realization. What is an atom? It is probably eternal, it is incorruptible, and it is uniform; but it is merely the instrument of the changing thoughts of nature. Thought is the true beginning of all and the true finality. The end of the world is consciousness of thought. Thought is sometimes centralized in some superior man, and the production of this superior man is the only end of our planet.

Renan considers humanity like a great tree, which bears very small fruit; it is necessary that millions of men should suffer, live, work, and die, in order that some great man should appear. At first sight, he says, Descartes, Newton, Galileo ought to have been the princes or millionaires of their time; but it is better that things should be as they are. "We don't know how much we owe to those who consent to be rich in our place. Very few brains are capable of philosophizing. Dress, promenades,

equipages, the opera, the races, consume an activity which otherwise would be obnoxious, and relieve the good lobes of the brain of humanity of bad elements. All this noisy train of the world is necessary, in order that a Cuvier, a Bopp should be quiet in their rooms, should have good libraries, and should not be obliged or tempted to spend their time in such vanities. This is why the countries where there are marked classes are the best for the savants; in such countries they have neither political nor social duties. It is also why the savant bows willingly (not without some irony) before the soldier and the man of the world."

This is aristocratic insolence: Renan's savant makes himself the spider of the universe, throwing its net over all things, and taking all the adventurous flies. He imagines, in his "Probabilities," a time when the men of science will be the new despots, the invincible Caesars, when chemistry will invent artificial ways to procure us food, when man "will be disposed to kill in order to live," when the law will be found which shall determine the sexuality of the embryo, when, instead of *natural selection*, there will be a constant selection of the best men for every function, when the instincts themselves will be controlled, when for myriads of homunculi there will be a few *homines*, masters and lords of the planet. He does not believe in equality; high culture is not the lot of the many. "The ideal of American society is perhaps further than any other from the ideal of a society governed by science. The principle in virtue of which society only exists for the good and the liberty of individuals does not seem in conformity with the plans of nature, which takes only the species into consideration and sacrifices the individuals. It is much to be feared that the last word of democracy will be a social state in which the degenerate masses will care for nothing but the ignoble pleasures of vulgarity." I must cite Renan again, when he says that "the end of humanity is the production of great men; the great work will be accomplished by science, not by democracy." Renan believes that there will be some day two classes of men, the man who will live for the senses, and those whose cerebral development will only allow them to live by and for the brain; the unthinking and the thinkers. He imagines a time when the differences which were once the fantastic work of opinion and prejudice will be the work of reason; when the spiritual power, the monarchy, the aristocracy, will be reconciled by a new process. "If such a solution ever takes place on our planet, it will probably begin in Germany."

Renan has a very singular theory as to the immortality of the soul. If we lose our consciousness, the ideas of which we have been the agents and the exponents are immortal; nothing is lost in the world of ideas. The thinkers, those who have, in whatever humble capacity they may be, lived in divine ideas, will perhaps find a new consciousness in some after-life. But "the man who has made no sacrifice to good, will find on that day the exact equivalent of what he has given—that is, nothing." His thoughts are here wrapped up in mysterious phrases; if I understand him well, he means that the great men, the godly, have a chance of immortality, the others are only like the brutes that perish. I wish I could have given you a more accurate idea of this singular book. After I had read it through—I am much used to philosophical discourse—I felt like a man who has smoked too much or has eaten hashish. There is in these vagaries of a great mind a luxury of images, a pomp of language, which has something intoxicating. The true Christian, accustomed to accept the truth in the form of distinct dogmas, will find in the "Dialogues" much that will offend and scandalize him. Still, their spirit is not irreligious in the higher sense of the word. Renan is like the convict, who will always wear the marks of the chain he has worn for years. He has received the education of a priest; he has felt the great mystery in the darkness and silence of the temples. He knows that there is something besides the noise and outside brilliancy of this world of ours, something above the earth, above the luminaries of the world, above the blue azure; he has, so to speak, a sense of the Infinite. He is a spiritualist if he is not a Christian.

## Correspondence.

### WHITE ANTS IN HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has been a good deal of excitement in Cambridge over the frightful damage said to have been wrought in the College Library by white ants, and everybody I have met during the past six weeks has eagerly questioned me about the matter. The story has gone the rounds in the newspapers from Maine to California, until, I dare say, it is as well known as any other fact in our history. The first account of it which came to my



notice was a paragraph in the Boston *Transcript*, which says "the library of Harvard College has been discovered to be exposed to a new and alarming danger, in the form of a white ant, an insect whose ravages have often been serious in Europe, while in one of our Western States a fine library has been totally destroyed, and another collection in the South badly damaged. . . . They have appeared about the library [at Cambridge], and serious results are feared. *The turf about the building has been taken up and replaced by gravel by way of protection.*"

It is too bad to spoil such a good story, but really there is hardly a word of truth in all this. It is a myth of the three-black-crows type. It is true that "white ants" exist in Cambridge—that is, not ants, but little neuroptera, akin to the famous termites of Africa and the East Indies. Such neuroptera are found in many parts of the world, and are often very destructive to books, clothing, and furniture. Indeed, nothing that is softer than metal or stone comes amiss to their voracity. They like to take their meals in the dark, and will riddle the inside of a book or the legs of a chair, while you never discover it until you pick up the book to read or sit down in the chair, when the one-hoss-shay catastrophe is re-enacted. Dr. Hagen has shown me a few books from Illinois thus eaten inside, and also the "collection in the South," which consists of a few text-books left in a school-room during a summer vacation. These "ants" have been in Cambridge for several years, and have done some injury to an old fence at the Botanical Garden and to some wooden tubs for plants in the grounds about the Zoological Museum. I have heard that they have also shown themselves in Mr. Alvan Clark's optical workshop. Hitherto they do not seem to have manifested an uncontrollable appetite for anything more precious than damp and decayed timber. They have never been seen about the College Library, and have never troubled us there, except by becoming the innocent cause of all this popular excitement.

The origin of the story is no doubt to be found in the sentence from the *Transcript* which I have italicized. Some six weeks ago, the turf about Gore Hall was taken up and replaced by gravel, because it was thought that this change might help to remedy an alleged dampness in the basement of the building. How such a change should be thought likely to protect us against termites, I'm sure I don't know; but as Dr. Hagen had read a paper on these insects a few days before, I suppose some ingenious passer-by may have constructed the *à priori* hypothesis that we were digging in order to keep them out of the building. Hence the paragraph in the *Transcript*, which, be it observed, does not say that we have suffered any damage, but only that "serious results are feared." In the popular version, however, our library is about half devoured already, and the way in which quack advertisements of "insect-powder" come pouring in upon us is fit to awaken inextinguishable laughter. Thus, to parody Oxenstiern, we see with what slight wisdom does "history" sometimes get made.—Very truly yours,

JOHN FISKE.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY, July 3, 1876.

[The *Transcript's* paragraph was evidently based, even to the "gravel," on Dr. Hagen's paper, which is printed in full in the last number of the *American Naturalist*. Dr. Hagen suggests putting gravel about houses liable to be infested by these ants.—ED. NATION.]

#### THE GENEVA AWARD—A PRECEDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has much surprised me that in the discussion of the question of the distribution of the Geneva Award no reference has been made to the case of the distribution in 1836 or '37 of the five millions in gold awarded and paid by the French Government in satisfaction of claims of American citizens for captures and condemnations made by that Government under the Berlin and Milan Decrees. I will state from memory the history of the award and its adjustment by our Government—being a little uncertain as to the exact dates.

In 1831 Mr. Rives, Minister to France, negotiated a treaty with that Government in which, among other things, the claims for illegal captures above referred to, which had been pressed for a period of some twenty years, were finally settled for the "round sum" of 25,000,000 francs. Upon his return to this country, Mr. Rives, in a speech before the Senate, boasted a little too loudly of this settlement, and the French people took fire at the idea that the amount they had consented to pay was excessive. Consequently, payment was withheld until, in 1833 (?), President Jackson, in a message to Congress, recommended the issue of letters-of-marque and

reprisal to force the money from the French. Those who are old enough will recollect this as the circumstance which, jointly with his war on the Bank of the United States, carried the popularity of General Jackson to its unprecedented height. To pass over the excitement of the time, the threats and apologies, the money was duly paid, and Congress passed a bill for its distribution. A Commission was appointed which sat three years, and then, I believe, for a specially extended period of six months longer. As the amount of the award was less than the amount of the claims, then, as now, arose a dispute as to the relative rights of claimants. *No claimants for war premiums were heard of*, but then, as now, the insurance companies had their difficulties to encounter. The uninsured owners were the only ones, however, to contest with them the question whether they (the uninsured) had not an equitable claim to be paid *in full*, leaving the balance for a dividend among the underwriters, as the latter had "received a premium, etc."—the argument now repeated. Daniel Webster denounced the claim as a scandal to commercial integrity, and the Commission passed the subrogated claims of the insurance companies on the same footing with the direct claims of owners. The fund was honorably distributed among all the claimants, and, judging by that portion which was paid under my own eye, as I was at that time employed in a bank which was a Government depository, I believe that nearly four-fifths went into the hands of insurance companies.

Although this award was made in a "round sum," and although there were no conditions whatever attached to its payment, there was no Butler at that time to claim the sum as the "money of the United States, to be disposed of at its pleasure, subject to no trust, etc., etc." Never was trust more honorably or more ably discharged. The Government, upon that occasion, did simply what any honest man of business would have done under similar circumstances—what no attorney could have failed to do and not have been thrown over any bar at which he was allowed to practise.

G. B. C.

BALTIMORE, July 6, 1876.

#### Notes.

SHELDON & CO. announce for early publication a life of the late lamented Gen. George A. Custer. The volume will embrace also his war memoirs, hitherto published in the *Gleaner*, together with the last of the series, written and despatched on his fatal march against the Sioux, and as yet unpublished.—No. 8 of the *Journal of Social Science* (Boston: A. Williams & Co.) consists of a selection of the papers read at the Detroit General Meeting in May. Their titles are: "The Production and Distribution of Wealth," by David A. Wells; "The Work of Social Science," by F. B. Sanborn; "Progress in International Law," by President J. B. Angell; "The Experiment of Civil-Service Reform," by Dorman B. Eaton; "Treatment of the Guilty," by Rev. W. G. Eliot; "Health in Schools," by Drs. D. F. Lincoln and J. J. Putnam; "Financial Policy of Great Britain and of the United States," by Gamaliel Bradford; "Limitations of Judicial Power," by Prof. Emory Washburn; "Life Insurance for the Poor," by Edgar Wright and Sheppard Romans; and "Legal Education in the Northwest," by Prof. William G. Hammond. Of all these articles, that on the health of schools has the most general interest and perhaps the most general importance. It has been printed separately, and deserves to be read by every teacher and by all parents of school-children.—Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy" has already appeared in two unauthorized translations in Vienna and Stuttgart, and a third authorized version is announced in Leipzig by M. Busch, the translator of the previous tales of this author, as well as of the novels of Mark Twain, Aldrich, James, etc.—The translation of the new volume of Emerson's Essays having been attributed to Mr. Julian Schmidt, he announces in the *Jahrbücher* that he had no hand in it.—A new number of Waldeck's *Zeitgeschichte* is announced as in press.—With the publication, some three months since, of the Deutsch-English-Französisch part, the Tauchnitz Technological Dictionary has been completed. The author is Alex. Tolhausen, Ph.D., translator to the Patent Office in London, who announces in this last volume that the work is the fruit of twenty years' careful labor. Each volume again has been thoroughly revised by Louis Tolhausen, French Consul in Leipzig. The work has been admirably performed. The three volumes cost unbound eight marks each, and together include some 2,800 pages, the French language being represented by 60,000 terms, English by 80,000, and German by 90,000. Does this ratio perhaps fairly denote the relative richness of the three languages?

—Yale College in 1876 is the title of a pamphlet put forth by the executive committee of the Society of the Alumni for the information of

the graduates, friends, and benefactors of the university. It is mostly of progress that they have to tell—the completion of the Battell Chapel, a fine building; the completion of the first wing of the Peabody Museum; and handsome additions to the College library and to that of the School of the Fine Arts. The former, indeed, has gained by purchases 5,500 volumes, and by gifts 1,300 volumes, and 5,400 pamphlets. As the cost of 2,700 volumes of Japanese books was defrayed by Prof. Marsh, they might more properly have been enumerated among the gifts than the purchases. The account of the Sheffield Scientific School is less favorable; its expenses for the past three years have exceeded its income. The influence of Harvard is shown in the new provision for elective studies, and in the determination, “at the request of a number of graduates living in the West,” and purely as an experiment, “to hold at Chicago an examination for admission to the College, at the same time and with the same papers (in general) with the summer examination in New Haven.”

—We hope that the Palestine Exploration Society will soon give us an official account of the expedition which resulted, for one thing, in the admirable photographs lately described in the *Nation*. If rumor be correct, what was intended to be a survey of the country east of the Jordan, supplementing the British Survey west, did not go beyond a reconnaissance. The causes of this and of Col. Lane's return to this country are, we presume, stated in his primary report, which has been for some time in the Society's hands. From it, too, the Society's subscribers ought to be enabled to judge whether their money has thus far been spent judiciously and prudently, and what will be the cost of the real work of surveying when it comes to be undertaken. At all events, there is much curiosity to learn the particulars of the expedition, as there has undoubtedly been some disappointment that more was not accomplished by it, and that its labors were so early suspended.

—The loan exhibition of pictures now going on in this city for the benefit, in equal shares, of the Museum and Academy of Design, explains by its quality all the extraordinary crowding to which the galleries are subjected. If anything was necessary to prove that this country is becoming the repository of the best contemporary art, the treasures now liberally lent for a generous motive would show the fact. The galleries of Mrs. Alexander T. Stewart, Mr. John Wolfe and Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, Mr. John Taylor Johnston, Mr. Cutting, and other distinguished collectors, have been freely drawn upon, and it would really seem that half the pictures that have made a talk within the last generation turn out to be American possessions. Works of Delaroche, Vernet, Decamps, Gleyre, Couture, Bonnat, and Ary Scheffer are accumulated in the two galleries, and the Gérômes, Meissoniers, Cabanels, Bonheurs, Merles, and Bouguereaus are lavished to the verge of monotony. The principal curiosity, perhaps, is Gérôme's “Roman Chariot race,” finished to Mr. Stewart's order after that gentleman's death, and arriving here close upon the funeral. It is full of toil and expression, but infelicitous. The “Pollice Verso” of the same artist attracts a crowd, of course. So does Gabriel Max's subject of a girl-martyr walking among the tigers, while a rose is thrown at her feet. The “Day-Dream” of Couture and the “Fellah Woman” of Bonnat are rare things, the latter having a quite Phidian largeness and repose in its modelling. Mr. Johnston's Delaroche is a “Venus” sleeping in the shell of a fountain; Mr. Belmont's picture by the same hand is a “Christ warning sinners from the Precipice.” The gallery of the latter gentleman, opened for four days in aid of the same institutions, is now closed, but will be shown again later in the season. The unprecedented attractions at the Academy and Museum, which we can only thus hastily notice to-day, are filling these institutions to repletion with a crowd perfectly indifferent to summer weather.

—“Miles” writes us from Chicago, July 4:

“In last week's *Nation* was given at length O'Hara's ‘Bivouac of the Dead,’ a poem that had considerable vogue in the army when I had the honor to be one of its officers. Like Mr. Vincent Crummies, the eminent manager—Nicholas Nickleby's Gamaliel in the histrionic art—who had a real pump, which he insisted upon introducing into the play at all hazards, Colonel O'Hara has smothered the real poetic fire of his elegy under the weight of his ‘properties’—in other words, his command of military nomenclature. Among the quotations you make from Professor Ranck's introduction to the poems of O'Hara is the following: ‘If it had no other claim upon life than the sublimely beautiful metaphor in the first stanza, that alone would preserve it through the ages.’ Although I confess a weakness for the figure in question,

“On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.”

I still must protest against it as a badly-mixed metaphor. For if ‘on Fame's eternal camping-ground their silent tents are spread,’ ‘the brave and daring few’ cannot be in bivouac—an encampment without shelter—and it is therefore a useless precaution, as well as cruel treatment of so distinguished a personage, to keep Glory pacing for ever around an empty bivouac.”

Another correspondent, writing from Virginia, states that O'Hara's poem is to be found on pp. 612-615 of a volume called the ‘Southern Amarynth,’ edited by Miss Sallie A. Brock, and published in New York in 1869; and that on comparing the version there given with that printed in the *Nation*, he has discovered numerous verbal differences, while in the fifth stanza the second quatrain is wholly different, and after the fifth stanza occur three others which were not given in the *Nation*. He adds: “My copy has the following words immediately after the title: ‘Written at the tomb of the Kentuckians who fell at Buena Vista, buried in the cemetery at Frankfort.’ This explains many allusions in the poem, notably that in the first line of the last stanza.”

—An article in the *July Galaxy*, by Mr. Wirt Sikes, on the Cabman of London, and his congeners of Paris and Belgium, will hardly be received as a satisfactory discussion of the questions at issue by hackmen familiar with republican institutions and free governments. The contrast presented between the politeness and moderation of the London “cabby” and the cut-throat brutality of the New York pirates who besiege the passenger on his arrival by rail or water, is perhaps a trifle too black. A few years ago it would have been strictly true; but the introduction of cabs and cab-stands in New York has ameliorated the rigors of the old system. It does not need to go very far back to remember the time when there was no such thing as a cab in New York or even in America, and when the use of carriages by travellers was not at all common. Those were the halcyon days of the hackman, whose studies in political economy had been quite deep enough to familiarize him with the fact that the only alternative of “wheels constantly in motion” was piratical charges. The growth in recent years of the cab-using class, however (and this is one of the things for which we have to be thankful, in part, to that much-abused institution, the Stock Exchange), and the consequent introduction of cabs, have done much to remedy the evil; and a wise man, who makes a bargain beforehand, runs no risk of extortion, but may go about the streets in a moderately wasteful manner. The complete revolution in prices which has taken place in the last few years in New York shows that it was not altogether from the corruption and imbecility of the city government that hack-fare used to be so high. The high prices were caused in a great measure by the smallness of the class which a generation ago used vehicles in the city streets, and which, of course, in cities like Paris or London is very large. In fact, we were prevented from riding in cabs for many years by the same causes which prevented us from riding in “parlor cars” and forced us *weilily* to go to hotels kept on the “American plan.” It is, by the way, hopeless to expect that a luxury like cab-hire will go down to the London or Paris point until other luxuries descend as far, and we doubt very much whether the example of Boston, where a “fare” may get into a hack drawn by two horses and go a mile for fifty cents, is not delusive. As long as Boston remained a small city, and before the “Back Bay” had been invented, the number of people who ever used these or any hacks was so small as to have no effect on the business one way or the other, and the result was that the city was able to keep up a reputation for rigid discipline at a small cost. The Bostonian, knowing that he could, if he pleased, ride at this cheap rate, as the distances were small, seldom rode at all; while the hackman, knowing that casual fares were so few as not to affect the business, did not care much what they were. Now that Boston has doubled its size, a sort of Puritan modification of the cab, denominated a “public carriage,” and drawn, as the public carriages of all civilized countries are, by one horse, is being rapidly introduced.

—The *Atlantic* contains a number of articles of interest. Mrs. Kemble's “Gossip” has a good deal to say about Sir Thomas Lawrence, which will be read with avidity by that school of critics who are fond of tracing the connection between an author's moral character and his painting. His extreme sentimentality with women is the trait which Mrs. Kemble chiefly dwells upon, and she gives some anecdotes which strongly illustrate it. Those who have read Haydon's energetic tirades against the painters who preceded him will find Mrs. Kemble's incidental remarks about Lawrence's style, though not original, worth reading. Dr. Holmes's verses, “How the old Horse won the Bet,” show an amount of life and animal spirits which at this time is worth all the analysis, reflection, and sentiment of a year's magazine poetry put together. We are somewhat surprised, however, to observe that they were read at the “decennial dinner” of the editors of the Harvard



*Advocate*, a publication which we honor and respect, but of which we should not have suspected such frivolity as post-prandial song. We hardly see how such excesses can be permitted by journalists who engage in serious discussion of the question whether they ought or ought not to read secular weeklies, and we commend their case to the editors of the *Lancet*.

—*Scribner's* has a readable article on a "Pet Marjorie" of a hundred years ago—little Sarah Fairfax, daughter of the Rt. Hon. and Rev. Bryan, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, and Rector of Fairfax Parish, Virginia. Bryan Fairfax was the son of William Fairfax of Belvoir on the Potomac. Sally, from whose diary the entries (made between the age of seven and ten) are taken, was a pet of Washington's almost from her cradle. Unlike the other "Marjories" whose early lucubrations have been given to the world, Washington's little protégé seems to have been of a practical rather than literary or poetical disposition, and her diary relates chiefly to the cares of daily life, and reveals a great maturity of mind combined with a comical childishness of manner which is often delightful. Some of the extracts throw an amusing and yet a not wholly amusing light upon the old plantation-life in Virginia:

"Miss Molly payn and Mr. perce baillis and Mr. William payn and Mr. William Sandford, Mr. mody and miss Jenny, a man who lives at Colchester Mr. hurst, Mrs. hurst's husband, young Harry gunnell son of old William gunnell John seal from the little falls. Mr. Watts and Mr. hunter [here some of the names escape us] these are all the gentlemen and ladies that were at the ball. Mrs. Gunnell brought her sucking child with her—"

"On Saturday the 28th of December I won 10 shillings of Mr. William payn at Chess."

"On Friday the 3 of Jan that vile man Adam at night kild a poor cat of rage because she eat a bit of meat out of his hand and scratched it. O vile wretch of new negrows if he was mine I would cut him to pieces a son of a gun a nice negrow he should be kild himself by rites."

"On Thursday the 2d of Jan Margerry went to washing and brought all the things in ready done on Thursday the 9th of the same month I think she was a great while about them a wole week if you will believe me reader."

"On Friday the 10 of January in the morning came here dunny geens overseer for taff and taff went away accordingly poor taff I pity him indeed reader."

"On Monday the 13th of Jan mama made some tea—for a wonder indeed."

"On Thursday the 16th of Jan there came a woman and girl and mama bought 3 old hens from them and gave them to me, which reduced her debt she ow'd me which was 5 and nine pence to three and nine pence which she now owes me and she owe's me five teen pence about nancy perrys ribbon which she never paid."

S. F. —x."

Almost nothing has been preserved with regard to the after life of the little girl, which must have been interesting, both from her own character and from the romance of the times marked as they soon were by the breaking-up of old friendships and acquaintance, the divisions, doubts, fears, anxieties, and dangers caused by the war, particularly in Tory families. This article contains a letter written by her in 1777 to her father, when in New York on his way to England, which is a model of the filial style of the period, and might have excited the envy of Thackeray; it piously concludes with the hope that her brother, to whom she sends her love (the "tommy" of the diary), "will acquire the polite assurance and affable cheerfulness of a gentleman, yet not forget the incidents of Fairfax County."

—Several recently appearing German books, notably the fourth edition of the much-read "Aus der Petersburger Gesellschaft," and the last work, "Russische Charakterbilder," of Julius Eckardt, have chapters devoted to the novelist Turgenev, which contain many facts of interest to his admirers. Both books give 1818 as the year of his birth, though the date heretofore given has been usually 1811. The Turgenevs, as a family, have long been distinguished both at home and abroad for liberal views and practical ability, in testimony of which may be cited the remark which Humboldt made to one of them in 1854—"le nom que vous portez, Monsieur, est environné dans ce pays de souvenirs de respect et de haute estime." Ivan's father was the brother of the two well-known elder Turgenevs, Alexander and Nicholas, and had reached the rank of colonel before quitting the Guards to settle on the family estate, where he led a retired life till his death in 1827. Up to his twelfth year the boy received no instruction except that imparted by nature, and his education was then entrusted exclusively to French and German instructors, his first knowledge of Russian literature having been derived from hearing a family serf (described in the tale "Punin and Baburin") repeat the grandiloquent mock-epic poetry of the eighteenth century. The political events of the time were such as deeply to impress him; for his immediate family, though not concerned in the December rising (1825), were punished by various annoying restrictions for keeping up their intercourse with relatives and friends who had been implicated. At

the Berlin University he was but one of many Russian students who subsequently became distinguished, and who were devoted disciples of Hegel. He entered the civil service only because it was then obligatory, and left it as soon as possible to join the small literary circle in St. Petersburg headed by Belinski, to whose encouragement chiefly the world owes the pleasure and benefit it has received from his protégé's talents; for his first productions—poems—having attracted no notice, "Turgenev perceived strongly that his ability was more in the direction of criticism than creation, and it seemed to him doubtful whether a pessimist like himself was ever called to be a poet." Only his friend's most vigorous urging induced him to print the first of the papers afterwards known as the "Memoirs of a Sportsman." The police allowed these to appear, not being able to read between the lines, and the author's subsequent internment on his estate was not brought about through the ordinary channels, but through the special command of Nicholas himself, who, however, released him before the time was out at the request of the present Emperor. The "Memoirs" meanwhile had been finished. The novel "Lisa" was written in Paris during the revolutionary storms of '48. "Fathers and Sons" appeared "in the midst of the feverish madness which had taken possession of the Russian youth, in the days of the universal and unlimited worship of the new ideas," a work which "warningly held the mirror up to the destructive demagogism of young Russia." So later (1867), "when after the suppression of the Polish rising the national self-satisfaction and exclusiveness had reached their highest point, appeared the story 'Smoke,' the bitterest satire on the nationality fanaticism which ever had been written in the Russian language—a book which cost the author his popularity for a long term of years."

—As for Turgenev as a writer, these books are valuable to the reader familiar with English and German criticism chiefly because they regard him from the native, not the foreign, point of view. To them he is not a poet, a student of human nature, whose scenes and characters are Russian simply because he is more familiar with Russian circumstances. Rather is he a patriot, a man devoted heart and soul to his country, though, perhaps, not always wisely, who says what he has to say in tales instead of pamphlets merely because he finds this kind of writing a sharper weapon and one better suited to his hand. Our two authors admit Turgenev's pessimism, and agree in attributing the blame which it has called forth among Western critics to ignorance of Russian conditions; but as to its causes they differ. To the first, Turgenev, though naturally inclined to pessimism, is a pessimist in his books deliberately and intentionally, because he works for his countrymen, and writes not as an artist but as a moralist, whose object is to improve Russian life, and, as the first step that way, to make people dissatisfied with themselves and their surroundings. Eckardt's view, on the contrary, is as follows:

"Once granted," he says, "that the writer's point of view is conditioned by the feeling of satisfaction or discontent with his surroundings, and at the same time admitting that literary production is not bound to wait till the period of satisfaction is reached, then is the pessimism observable in all Russian writers of any importance at once explained and to a certain degree justified. The true poet can only poetically depict the actually existing character of his national life, not write about things which exist in his imagination alone. . . . It is for the sake of art that Turgenev writes; he follows neither political nor moral ends, and if the reflection in his works of Russian realities is a sad picture, they, not he, are at fault."

#### LEWES'S PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND MIND—VOL. II.

IN this volume Mr. Lewes continues the examination of the problems of metaphysics which his first volume began, taking up successively reasoning and matter, force and causation, and what he is pleased to call "the absolute in feeling and motion." In this volume, as in the preceding one, there is much ingenious suggestion, critical moderation, and clear thought. These are, indeed, found to a marked degree in all the philosophical writings of the present day in England, where the author generally feels bound to treat his system in connection with other systems, and, while clearly marking his divergence, to yet take advantage of such part of the work of others as properly belongs to his own. The result is, of course, a tendency to moderation and eclecticism, with more or less of permanent addition to thought at each step. It is different enough on this side of the Atlantic. Here Positivism is almost unknown, and, since the death of Mr. Wright, finds no advocate. Cosmism is represented by Mr. Fiske. But for the rest, wherever the writer goes beyond bald translation, a fancied originality is usually sought at the expense of loose thought and obscure expression, and perhaps even an express abjuration of logic. Mr. Lewes's

\* "Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. First Series. The Foundations of a Creed." Vol. II. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875. 8vo, pp. 487.

theory of necessary thought, however, is substantially that of the Positivists Mill and Jevons, and its close resemblance to that deduced by Spencer from the unknowable but unavoidable contradictions of Hamilton and Hegel is shown. This near approach of the leaders of rival schools has been reached by some modification of the views of each, in which the cruder theories first advanced have given way to more critical study. Spencer, on the one hand, has exchanged his simple "beliefs which invariably exist" for "cognitions of which the predicates invariably exist along with their subject," and, on the other, Mr. Lewes has transformed the uniformly observed order of phenomena which he makes us think necessary, into logical deductions from notions of unvarying meaning. And he now holds that by observation and abstraction we get notions which we compare and combine in logical forms easily reducible to equivalent propositions, all the necessity of thought resulting from these logical laws of identity. He points out that this necessity extends not only to mathematics but to all the natural sciences, as Mill and Jevons had previously shown, though Mr. Lewes does not seem aware of it. (He is always rather inclined to be over-critical in his comments on Mill.) A fuller discussion of the matter was, however, desirable, for Mr. Mill's position was briefly stated, and has been much misunderstood owing to his rather hasty admission that certain mathematical axioms—he only mentions one or two—were not arrived at in this manner, the conviction we feel of their truth being the result of habitual observation merely. Mr. Jevons, in his treatment of the same point, purposely confined himself to its strictly logical aspect: and there was thus room for a fuller treatment of the matter in its philosophical relations, which Mr. Lewes has very ably given.

It is to be regretted that he has not pointed out with more completeness the manner in which uncertainty enters into all reasoning about facts—a point of considerable importance. It is true, as he says, that the laws of time and number are absolutely true of the abstractions employed and true of nature so far as applicable—so far as the straight lines, etc., are found; and, similarly, that the deductions from the abstract notions of the other sciences are absolutely true of them, and true of nature so far as applicable. But there is, nevertheless, a wide difference in certainty. In mathematics the objects immediately denoted are mental creations, their attributes are assigned by ourselves, and they are therefore always precisely the same. In the natural sciences, however, the denotation of the terms is fixed for us, and we have to take the attributes we find. It was long uncertain whether these attributes were unvarying, whether the connotative meaning of the terms could be taken as a constant. By a vast mass of inductive evidence this has been established, and the "uniformity of nature" is now assumed in all scientific proceedings and involved in the import of the terms (although still disputed by some intelligent believers in Spiritualism). When, therefore, Mr. Lewes tacitly assumes the invariableness of natural law as involved in the logical requisite of the unchanged import of the terms, and declares that whatever is must be as long as the conditions are unchanged, the reader must bear in mind his views of induction, and his conclusion that "when an induction is freed from all contingency it is registered in an identical proposition [or definition]; when it is more or less, it is a guess."

Another uncertainty, which is of practical importance, arises from the undetermined limits of the law of simplicity of nature, the law that molecules fall into a very few groups, the members of which are precisely alike. Future experiment may show that some of these groups are not homogeneous, and hence that the common name of the members is not of unvarying meaning. And still another uncertainty in scientific reasoning arises from the hypotheses which Mr. Lewes calls extra-sensible, as to atom and ether, the form and vibration of the molecule, etc., which are necessarily employed to systematize and render manageable those groups whose collocation would otherwise seem fortuitous; and which, although unproved and perhaps unprovable, may yet become part of the meaning of the terms. Uncertainties thus creep into concrete reasoning not found in abstract thought. Their understanding is of no little importance, and although it does not alter the theory of thought to which we have referred as common to Mill, Jevons, and Lewes, it is a necessary adjunct to it. Mr. Lewes may have been hampered in the examination of these relations by his peculiar method of constantly seeking identity under seeming difference. To him the symbol and the symbolized, the feeling and its object, are but different aspects of the same thing, separable only in thought, the convex and concave sides of the same curve. "The emotions felt in the presence of objects or their ideal representations are qualities of the objects standing on the same level with the other sensible qualities"; and he naturally adopts the Huxleyan automatic theory, in which consciousness is but a kind of phosphorescent illumination, a will o'-the-wisp, accompany-

ing and displaying physical forces over which it has no control. The conclusions to be drawn from this theory of the identity of mind and matter have not yet been fully shown by Mr. Lewes, but not certainly because of their unimportance. Purely spiritual immortality seems to fade into a dream, and we see in matter not merely the promise and potency of mind, but its very presence, the fetichism of the savage approaching the highest science. How far this is sound, how far it is allowable to treat proof that things are always found together as proof of identity, we leave the reader to judge. No doubt in any group we may for convenience treat one member as the representative of the rest, and call our limited view of it an aspect of the whole; but this may be a mere artifice for more conveniently handling the group as a whole, quite useless when any relation of the members of the group to each other is being considered; and fallacy may readily creep into an inference of identity from juxtaposition under cover of a figure. Whether sound or not, this identification of feeling and felt seems to hamper Mr. Lewes in his examination of the "extra-sensible" world, and prevent his full appreciation of the arguments by which it is established.

Mr. Lewes's treatment of matter and force is as interesting as that of mind; and the same method of seeking unity under difference which leads him to identify attribute and object, subject and predicate, makes him treat force and motion as other names for matter, and argue, *a priori*, that a thing cannot act where it is not, and force cannot traverse a vacuum. His conclusion is that force is only transmitted by contact; and he rejects as an idle fancy the theory of gravitation that a mass would attract another with a force proportioned to the square of their distance were no other bodies in existence. He cannot, however, escape his difficulties so. If the thing cannot act where it is not, and is, as he argues, impenetrable, then, as it cannot act outside itself—and all other matter is outside—it cannot act on other bodies at all. The true conclusion from Mr. Lewes's theory of co-extension would seem, not that force is limited to the material confines of a body, but that matter is as extended as its influence, and the meanest atom reaches the bounds of the universe. Impenetrability, then, is merely the difficulty of overcoming the resistance offered to a close approach to the centre of a molecule; and, by the way, the reader will note that the demonstration of impenetrability which Mr. Lewes offers is misplaced, and goes to show extension only, and that he apparently does not fully understand the important atomic theory of Boscovich which he refers to. The relation of these terms—matter and force—has so often been shown that it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that although they may be said to denote the same thing, they represent very different conceptions of it—matter representing the crude notion of the hard, heavy thing our senses recognize, and force those imperfectly imaginable, though perfectly measurable, impulses into which science resolves all our knowledge of the external world. The force of a molecule extends wherever there is ought to be affected, while its matter is confined to its sensible limits, and the two can be made coextensive in space only by an inadmissible alteration of meaning.

In Mr. Lewes's theory of causation, the same assumption that one member of a relation is an aspect of the other, is used again to found a theory. He regards the Positive position of mere invariability of sequence of consequent upon antecedent as untenable, and holds cause and effect to be co-existent and the same. The notion is ingeniously elaborated, but it seems difficult under it to account for any lapse of time. If the cause of an effect is coexistent with it, then similarly the preceding cause of the cause and the succeeding effect of the effect are present, it would seem, and so on indefinitely in both directions, all the past and the future merging in the present. This puzzle is not solved by the author's treatment of secret powers, which he seems at times to recognize, although he no doubt does not really hold an opinion so alien to his whole tone of thought. (Cf. pp. 339, 341, 357, 363, 366, 370.)

The chapters on the absolute in motion and feeling with which Mr. Lewes closes his volume are suggestive and carefully worked out, but the reader must bear in mind that the absolute which Mr. Lewes is discussing is not the noumenal absolute of other philosophers, but a new phenomenal abstraction of his own. This will not mislead a skilled thinker, but Mr. Lewes expressly appeals from him to a younger and more sympathetic audience, and to such his arguments may be misleading. The novel and sometimes loose significance which Mr. Lewes gives to this word and others of the like, such as substance, substratum, reasoning, *a priori*, intuitions, etc., is by no means a trifle. The indefiniteness that arises in this way is one of the great obstacles which modern thought has to labor against; and in a trained scholar like Mr. Lewes it is inexcusable. Otherwise, his style is clear and good, and his reasoning carefully complete, though we notice once or twice



the zero fallacy which he himself elsewhere exposes, *i. e.*, the inference of existence from our inability to conceive of nothingness (cf. pp. 258, 260, 270, 273, 487). The subject needs little ornamentation, but the little flights of eloquence with which Mr. Lewes rather likes to close his chapters are not objectionable. His arrangement is careful; indeed, his analytical habit of thought is carried so far that sometimes a question seems at first glance to be differently treated in the different chapters. This is not with him the bias of an advocate; he is as fair as he is well-informed. It is rather the overconcentrated attention which prevents his looking at a question in its entirety; and clearness for the moment is gained by temporarily ignoring the broader aspects; but the reader must read one chapter with the others well in mind, or he may get a mistaken notion of what the author means. This is not a very unreasonable request for such a work, but we fear that it is more than can be obtained from the ordinary reader, or even the sympathetic youth to whom Mr. Lewes appeals.

Although the announced object of the work is the construction of a creed, the reader is obliged to content himself with what he may think the dry bones of metaphysical analysis; for in these two elaborate volumes, completing one division of the work, absolutely no approach is made to that end. The unknowable of the Cosmist, the infinite and imperfectly recognized essence of the Idealist, the half-personified source of love and wisdom of the Swedenborgian, the practical power that makes for righteousness of Matthew Arnold, the human Grand-Etre of Comte, are as far off as the loving and awful Father of the Christian world. The work is an examination of certain profound metaphysical problems in the positive method of the modern school, and nothing more. If there seems to the reader a certain arrogance in Mr. Lewes's assumption that the application is novel, he must remember that Comte included both psychology and logic in a sweeping condemnation of metaphysics, and that while his English followers refused to exclude the two former they have yet closed the door upon metaphysics; and Mr. Lewes is thus the first of this school (from which he has partially separated himself) to admit them to consideration. This has made him cautious, and indeed anxious not to go beyond his depth. He still keeps up the danger-signal, though he has moved it further off. The obedient swimmer is allowed to go a little beyond the point at which he can touch the bottom of verification, but the warning of "metempsychoses" guards him from the bottomless pools of noumenon and primal cause. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether all Mr. Lewes's young and sympathetic followers will be content to pause at the line he has drawn. Even a hardened Positivist may be tempted to ask whether, if his method is so capable of extension, a still wider application may not reach the metempsychoses he denies. The conclusion may be purely negative or hypothetical, but on some subjects even negative or hypothetical results are valuable. He must not, however, expect any assistance from Mr. Lewes, whose system is one of pure materialism, in the strict sense of that much-abused word, bringing Mansel's parody on the Greek chorus fresh to the mind:

"The voice of yore  
Which the breeze bore  
Waiting aloud from Paxo's shore,  
Is changed to a gladder and livelier strain,  
For great god Pan is alive again—  
He lives and he reigns once more.  
With deep intuition and mystic rite  
We worship the Absolute Infinite,  
The Universe Ego, the Plenary-Void,  
The Subject-Object identified."

#### A STUDY OF RUBENS AND REMBRANDT.\*

IT will not surprise the readers of M. Fromentin's earlier compositions to learn that this is a very interesting book. Those persons who remember his two strangely pictorial little volumes on the East—"Un Été dans le Sahara," "Une Année dans le Dakhel"—will have retained a vivid impression of his descriptive powers and his skill in evoking figures and localities; while the admirers of the charming novel of "Dominique"—a singularly exquisite and perfect work, which has had no successor—must have kept an equally grateful record of his art of analyzing delicate moral and intellectual phenomena. These three modest volumes have hitherto constituted what is called in France the author's literary baggage. The work whose title we have transcribed, and which is somewhat more massive than its predecessors, has just been added to the list, and upon this evidence ("Les Maîtres d'Autrefois" has attracted great attention) M. Fromentin the other day presented himself as a candidate for the French Academy. He was not elected, and one may, while admiring his writings, think perhaps that his application was a trifle premature. The quality of his productions is exqui-

site, but the quantity is as yet slender. It must be added, however, that M. Fromentin has had occupations other than literary. He is a distinguished painter, and a great many of his refined, if somewhat pallid, renderings of Eastern scenes have been seen in America. We prefer his books to his pictures, and we have greatly enjoyed the volume before us. We recommend it to those lovers of art who have visited the great Dutch and Flemish pictures in the cities in which they were painted; and we recommend it even more to persons who have the journey through Holland and Belgium still before them. It would be even more useful, perhaps, as an incitement than as a reminder.

M. Fromentin begins with Rubens, to whom he devotes the longest section in his volume, talks briefly of Vandyck, passes on to Jacob Ruyssdael and the principal Dutch genre-painters, expatiates largely upon Rembrandt, and touches finally (returning to Belgium) upon Van Eyck and Memling. We repeat that his whole volume is extremely interesting, but it strikes us as curious rather than valuable. We have always had a decided mistrust of literary criticism of works of plastic art; and those tendencies which have suggested this feeling are exhibited by M. Fromentin in their most extreme form. He would deny, we suppose, that his criticism is literary and assert that it is purely pictorial—the work of a painter judging painters. This, however, is only half true. M. Fromentin is too ingenious and elaborate a writer not to have taken a great deal of pleasure in the literary form that he gives to his thoughts; and when once the literary form takes the bit into its teeth, as it does very often with M. Fromentin, the effect, at least, of over-subtlety and web-spinning is certain to be produced. This over-subtlety is M. Fromentin's fault; he attempts to say too many things about his painters, to discriminate beyond the point at which discriminations are useful. A work of art has generally been a simpler matter for the painter, than a certain sort of critic assumes, and M. Fromentin, who has painted pictures, ought to know that they are meant before all things to be enjoyed. The excess into which he falls is not of the same sort as that which is so common with Mr. Ruskin—the attribution of various incongruous and arbitrary intentions to the artist; it is rather a too eager analysis of the material work itself, a too urgent description of it, a too exhaustive enumeration of its constituent particles. Nothing can well be more fatal to that *tranquil* quality which is the very essence of one's enjoyment of a work of art. M. Fromentin, like most French writers on æsthetic or indeed on any other matters, abounds in his own sense. He can say so much so neatly and so vividly, in his admirable French style, that he loses all respect for the unsayable—the better half, we think, of all that belongs to a work of art. But his perception is extraordinarily just and delicate, and his power of entering into a picture is, in a literary critic, very rare. He enters too much, in our opinion, into the technical side, and he expects of his readers to care much more than should be expected even of a very ardent art-lover for the mysteries of the process by which the picture was made. There is a certain sort of talk which should be confined to manuals and note-books and studio records; there is something impertinent in pretending to work it into literary form—especially into the very elegant and rather self-conscious literary form of which M. Fromentin is master. It is narrow and unimaginative not to understand that a very deep and intelligent enjoyment of pictures is consistent with a lively indifference to this "inside view" of them. It has too much in common with the reverse of a tapestry, and it suggests that a man may be extremely fond of good concerts and yet have no relish for the tuning of fiddles. M. Fromentin is guilty of an abuse of it which gives his book occasionally a somewhat sickly and unmasculine tone. He is, besides, sometimes too inconclusive; he multiplies his descriptive and analytic touches, but we are at loss to know exactly what he has desired to prove.

This is especially the case in the pages upon Rubens, which contain a great many happy characterizations of the painter, but lack a "general drift," an argument. M. Fromentin indulges in more emotion on the subject of Rubens than we have ever found ourselves able to do, and his whole dissertation is a good example of the vanity of much of the criticism in the super-subtle style. We lay it down perplexed and bewildered, with a wearied sense of having strained our attention in a profitless cause. There is a limit to what it is worth while to attempt to say about the greatest artists. Michael Angelo and Raphael bid defiance to more than a moderate amount of "keen analysis." Either Rubens was a first-rate genius, and in this case he may be trusted to disengage himself freely from his admirers' impressions; or else he was not, and in this case it is not worth while to split hairs about him. M. Fromentin, speaking roughly, takes Rubens too seriously by several shades. There are fine painters and coarse painters, and Rubens belonged to the latter category; he reigned in it with magnificent supremacy. One may as well

\* "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois. Belgique-Holland. Par Eugène Fromentin." New York: F. W. Christern.

come to this conclusion first as last, for all the ingenuity in the world will not avert it. Rubens was, in painting, an incomparable *improvisatore*; almost always a great colorist, often extremely happy in composition, he never leaves us without a sense that the particular turn the picture has taken, the cast of a certain face, the attitude of a certain figure, the flow of a drapery or the choice of a gesture, has been an accident of the moment. Hence we have in Rubens a constant sense of something superficial, irreflexive, something cheap, as we say nowadays. His intentions had often great energy, but they had very little profundity, and his imagination, we suspect, less delicacy than M. Fromentin attributes to it. He belongs, certainly, to the small group of the world's greatest painters, but he is, in a certain way, the vulgarest of the group. No other of its members has produced anything like the same amount of work of which the quality discredits and compromises the remaining and superior portion. M. Fromentin has some excellent remarks about his portraits, of which he recognizes the coarseness and the limited value. "Suppose Holbein," he says, "with Rubens's *clientèle*, and you immediately see before you a new human gallery, very interesting for the moralist, equally admirable for the history of life and the history of art, and which Rubens, one must admit, would not have enriched by a single type." M. Fromentin has, however, a charming paragraph about the magnificent "St. George" of the Church of St. James of Antwerp—the church containing the tomb of the painter; a paragraph we are glad to quote as an example of the admirable way in which the author often says things:

"One day, towards the end of his life, in the midst of his glory, in the midst, perhaps, of his repose, under an august title, under the invocation of the Virgin, and of the only one of all the saints to whom it seemed to him lawful to give his own image, it pleased him to paint in a small frame (about two yards square) what there had been venerable and seductive in the beings whom he had loved. He owed this last tribute to those of whom he was born, to those women [his two wives] who had shared and embellished his beautiful and laborious career, charmed it, ennobled it, perfumed it with grace, tenderness, and fidelity. He gave it to them as richly and in as masterly a way as was to be expected from his affectionate hand and his genius in the fulness of its power. He put into it his science, his piety, and a rarer degree of care. He made of the work what you know—a marvel, infinitely touching as the work of a son, a father, and a husband, and for ever memorable as a work of art."

M. Fromentin has some admirable pages upon the origin of Dutch art, and the conditions upon which it came into being: "Genius shall consist in prejudging nothing, in not knowing that you know, in letting yourself be taken by surprise by your model, in asking of it alone how it shall be represented. As for embellishing, never; ennobling, never; chastening, never; these are so many lies as so much useless trouble. Is there not in every artist worthy of the name a certain something which takes upon it this care naturally and without effort?" His chapters upon Paul Potter, Cuyt, Ruysdael, Terburg, and Metsu are in our opinion the most felicitous in the volume; they are full of just discrimination and interesting suggestion. He ranks Ruysdael immediately after Rembrandt, a classification of this enchanting painter with which we have no quarrel; but we are not sure that with regard to him, too, he may not be accused of looking for mid day (as the French say) *à quatorze heures*. But he characterizes him charmingly. He says very justly that there are a great many things which we should like to know about his life and person which it is impossible to ascertain; his history is obscure, and the questions are unanswerable. But would the idea come to us, he adds, of asking such questions about any of the other Dutch painters? "Brilliant and charming, they painted, and it seems as if this were enough. Ruysdael painted, but he lived, and this is why it is desirable to know how he lived. I know but three or four men who are to this degree personally interesting—Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Paul Potter, perhaps Cuyt. This is more than enough to class them." Upon Rembrandt M. Fromentin expatiates largely and very ingeniously; but we should say of these chapters as of his remarks upon Rubens, that the author goes through a great critical motion without arriving at any definite goal. He strikes a great many matches, and often rather bedding the subject. The great picture at Amsterdam, best known by its French name of the "Ronde de Nuit," is a very strange work if you will, but nothing is gained by making it out stranger than it is and exhausting the vocabulary of hopeless aesthetic conjecture on its behalf. The note of M. Fromentin's view of Rembrandt is struck by his saying that he "revealed one of the unknown corners of the human soul," and by his adding, at the close of his remarks, that he was "a pure spiritualist—an ideologist." Some readers, doubtless, will be more struck with the felicity of this definition than we have been. It is not the unknown, we should say, that Rembrandt represents, but the known, the

familiar, the common, the homely. His subjects, his scenes, his figures are almost all taken from common life, and where they are not they are brought into it. He was an alchemist: he presents them in that extraordinary envelope of dense light and shade which is the familiar sign of his manner; but in this it is the execution that is rare to our sense—incomparably rare, certainly—rather than the conception. But to whatever degree in detail M. Fromentin's readers may dissent from him, they will do justice to the brilliancy of his work. Its acuteness and delicacy of perception are altogether remarkable and its manner most exquisite. It has a peculiar charm.

*Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.* By his Brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, B.A. Two volumes. (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 8vo, pp. 374, 434. 1876.)—Though an uncompromising adherent of the Established Church of Scotland, Dr. Macleod was not spoiled by its intense Calvinism; he put new life into the old machinery, introduced changes which men of less courage in their opinions would not have dared to propose, and finally became himself its best exponent—the moderator of its General Assembly, its representative and leader. He was essentially a Broad Churchman, and his associations outside of Scotland were chiefly with Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, Professor Jowett, and men of that stamp. He could not be pent up in Presbyterianism, and his literary and religious life, influenced first by the poets Coleridge and Wordsworth, then by Principal Shairp, and later by Thomas Arnold and the late Dr. J. Macleod Campbell, was too healthful and earnest to accept narrowness anywhere. This very largeness of mind made his public career controversial, and diverted his attention from authorship. In his twenty-eighth year (1839) he says: "How often do I speculate about writing books! I have thought of three; I generally think over a chapter of one of them when I have nothing else to do." In 1870, looking back regretfully, he says:

"My life is not what I would have chosen. I often yearn and long for quiet, for reading, and for thought. It seems to me to be a very paradise to be able to read, think, pray, go deep into things, gather the glorious riches of intellectual culture, rise into the empyrean of abstract truth, write thoughtful and careful sermons, grasp at the great principles of wise statesmanship, master all the historical details necessary as data for future reference, and so forth. God has forbidden it in His providence. I must spend hours in receiving people (not of my congregation) who wish to speak to me about all sorts of trifles; to reply to letters about nothing; to engage on public work on everything; to waste my life on what seems ungenial, vanishing, temporary, waste."

His active interest in affairs and his inherited feeling expressed in the confession—"I do not remember a day when I thought it possible that I could be anything else than a minister"—controlled his life. His restless temperament forbade the calm leisure necessary to produce great works. His literary productions, chiefly the result of his hurried contributions to *Good Words*, are of an ephemeral character. "The Starling" is the only story which bears the marks of careful finish. The Church absorbed the gifts, and spent in the great disruption controversy of 1843 the strength, which might have been turned to equally good service in other directions.

Dr. Macleod grew up in the Western Highlands, having been born in Campbellton, June 3, 1812. His father was a distinguished Scotch preacher; and the son, though bound down by circumstances to a somewhat strict life, was a jovial, happy, careless, out-door youth, who loved everything but study, who caught the gist of books at Glasgow University, who sat humbly at the feet of Dr. Chalmers, and who, in this singularly free life, in which both nature and men were his teachers, fitted himself for success in country parishes, and finally advanced from these into the Barony parish, Glasgow, where he made for himself by his work a reputation which has gone wherever the language is spoken. He undertook specially to reclaim the lower classes, and in his Sunday-evening services his church was crowded with people who had in their dress the unmistakable claim to admission, being hatless, coatless, shoeless, or ragged. He not only gathered them to hear him preach, but brought the social and educational forces of his congregation to act upon them, and when his dead body was borne through the streets of Glasgow the working-men and the poor were everywhere present as mourners. His favorite idea of a religious congregation was a society charged with the mission of meeting by direct contact the manifold evils of society, physical and social as well as spiritual. Accordingly, in preaching to the poor, the ignorant, and the vicious, he took up such practical matters as the sanitary condition of the houses of the poor, wholesome food, the treatment of children, and gave his counsel so plainly that the meanest intelligence could understand it. Better drainage, ventilation, poor-laws; reading-rooms, lectures, cheap literature, amusements, coffee-houses, were the instrumentalities which he believed in. His own system



in reaching the neglected classes is thus stated: "In doing permanent good to such it is necessary (1) to preach regularly and systematically (with heart, soul, and strength, though); (2) to exclude well-dressed people; (3) to keep out of newspapers and off platforms, and to avoid fuss; (4) to develop self-reliance; (5) to give communion on credible profession, as the Apostles admitted to the church, and then to gather up results, and bring the converts into a society; (6) to follow up by visitation, stimulating themselves to collect for clothes." His sympathy with these people, his frankness and large-heartedness, were the secret of his great power over them, but his success was by methods which can be employed by any competent person in any large centre.

In this direction alone his physical powers were heavily taxed, and when in addition we take into account his leadership of the Scotch Church, his visit to India in the interests of Presbyterian missions, his editorship of *Good Words*, his yearly preaching before the Queen, and his ministrations to her grief upon the death of the Prince Consort, together with his immense activity as a parish minister, it is not surprising that he broke down at the age of sixty-one, when he had the promise, with strength less lavishly used, to live thirty years longer. It is the old story of premature decay because the tasks were greater than one man could perform. His career invites comparison with that of Dr. Guthrie, of the Free Church, who was only eight years his senior. Both were eloquent preachers; both threw themselves with great energy into their parochial life; both had wide and liberal views of the sphere which ministers have to fill; both undertook charitable work as by instinct, the one in Glasgow, the other, with his ragged schools, in Edinburgh; both won their special distinction in the service of the poor; both became editors of monthly periodicals, under the same publisher, with the same purpose of furnishing bright and pure literature to the masses; both became leaders by the voluntary suffrages of the people, the one in the Established, the other in the Free Church; both had that sympathetic element by which they assimilated what was good in others; though each was in a camp of the Church which was hostile to the other, there was much exchange of service and friendship; and though they had so much in common, and made such a mark upon the two chief cities of Scotland, they were always too busy to be intimate. They both contributed largely to the success of the branches of the Church in which they labored, and their rare qualities of mind and spirit, now embodied in well-written biographies, give favorable impressions of the best phase of Scottish religious life during the last fifty years.

*L'Art: Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée.* Deuxième Année: Tome I. (Paris: A. Ballue; New York: J. W. Bouton.)—Nothing better expresses the difference in tone between *L'Art*, the young fresh voice in æsthetics, and its settled rival, the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, than the notices of Carpeaux in the two periodicals. The audacious sculptor, whose chisel has so much color and so little repose, is mourned over by the *Gazette* as a sort of prodigal. "Taste is the master-quality often lacking in Carpeaux . . . the avenues of pure beauty were interdicted to him," it says, by the mouth of M. Paul Mantz. *L'Art*, while freely admitting the turbulent faults of the young innovator, lets drop a word of affectionate adoration in every sentence: he is the "maître" of Valenciennes—a title understood to have been vacant since the death of Decamps—and he has "the Flemish temperament [an allusion to Rubens] mixed with the audacity of Michael Angelo." The paper on Carpeaux, in fact, whether in fulness, information, eloquence, or prodigality of illustration, is of a richness that leaves the *Gazette* far behind. In other cases, too, we find *L'Art* distancing its elder rival from its mere breadth of build and its capacity of crowding sail. It has more room for entertaining its opportunities, and gets more of any wind that is going. One of the latest matters of art-interest in Paris, for example, the fine carved door from Cremona recently set up in the Louvre,

is described and represented exhaustively in the larger journal, simply because it is the larger. Whenever a subject gains by the bare brute dimensions of its delineation, *L'Art* has an enormous advantage. It seems to us to be edited rather sensationally than trustworthily, but with taste in the vexed state it is in now, an eloquent expression of almost any school of taste is worth attending to; and the opinions of the writers in these pages are sure to be those of some clique respectably strong. The increasing importance that America is acquiring as a collector of good contemporary art is fully recognized by the conductors of this enterprise, and they constantly, in appreciation or enthusiasm, get ahead, on our own ground, of the state of feeling discovered among ourselves. In the first number for the present year the great Meissonier of the Stewart gallery is most enthusiastically noticed, with three large repetitions of the artist's preparatory studies; and the "American connoisseur," the "royal" art-lover, is distinguished by terms that make him seem to have been a little caddish, and that would better befit the King of Bavaria, for instance, than the man of well-hardened head who has passed from among us. There is a "Courrier des États-Unis," by Mr. George Hutchinson, in which such topics as Mr. Hosker's Raphael and the International Exhibition are treated. The account of the late Mr. Blodgett, of his European and American collections, and of the Museum that he fed from his hand, is extremely and deservedly eulogistic, and has five illustrations devoted to the galleries in Fourteenth Street and their founder. Many a careless visitor to the Museum would be a good deal amazed at the tone of respectful homage with which the quiet Dutch paintings therein hung are mentioned by the critic, M. Félix Bo. We are informed that Mr. Blodgett, besides the ten magnificent etchings by Jacquemart from pictures in the Museum, which are there exposed as a bait to subscribers, had left an order for another series of ten, including the superb Vandyck of "St. Martha," snatched from the Madrid Museum by Joseph Bonaparte; the "Return from Egypt," "one of the masterpieces of Rubens"; and the "Triumph of Bacchus," "a Jordaens of an incomparable blond and silvery tone." This journal, in fact, appears to have an almost morbid appetite for the works of the Blodgett collection. Within a year past it has published nine large and unsurpassable etchings of his pictures, two of which are in the present volume, besides the smaller sketches of this particular article; the finest are, Romney's portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert, etched by Waltner with immense effect; Old Cromie's "Environ of Norwich," a masterly study; and La Tour's portrait of M. Laideguive, another of Waltner's solid effects in aquafortis. The others are hardly less remarkable, viz.: Corot's "Lake Nemi," Van de Velde's "Amsterdam Quay," Raffet's "Bagpipers," Jacque's "Sheep," Van Dyck's "Deposition in the Tomb," and Reynolds's "Mrs. Baldwin." It is a fine gallery that can yield so many selected works worthy of the most expensive illustration. The range of *L'Art* is extensive, from large Japanese designs imitated in chromolithography to articles on music and the drama. In the last department there is a capital series of sketches of Frédéric Lemaitre, and another, about equally good, on M. Got, of the Français, of whose masterly extravaganzas we have this season had such a living imitation in the acting of M. Mézières with Grau's French Company. *L'Art* makes three fine volumes per year, of which the first for 1867 is recently finished, and can be sold by the American agent, Mr. Bouton, at a considerable reduction from the rather staggering subscription price.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Austen (A.), The Human Tragedy: Poetry.	(W. Blackwood & Sons)
Calvert (G. H.), A Nation's Birth, and Other Poems.	(Lee & Shepard)
Cadell (Mrs. H. M.), Ida Craven: A Novel.	(Henry Holt & Co.) \$1.15
Hartmann (Dr. R.), Die Nigritier. Part I., swd.	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Kochler (Dr. A.), Practical Botany.	(Henry Holt & Co.) 3.00
Littell's Living Age. Vol. XIV.	(Littell's Co.)
Legge (Prof. J.), The She King, or Book of Ancient Poetry.	(Trübner & Co.)
Orton (Prof. J.), Andes and the Amazon. Third edition.	(Harper & Bros.)
Stuart (J. M.), Free-Trade in Tuscany. swd.	(Cassell, Potter & Galpin)
Systems of Land Tenure in Various Countries.	
Special Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus.	(Scribner, Welford & Armstrong) 1.25

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